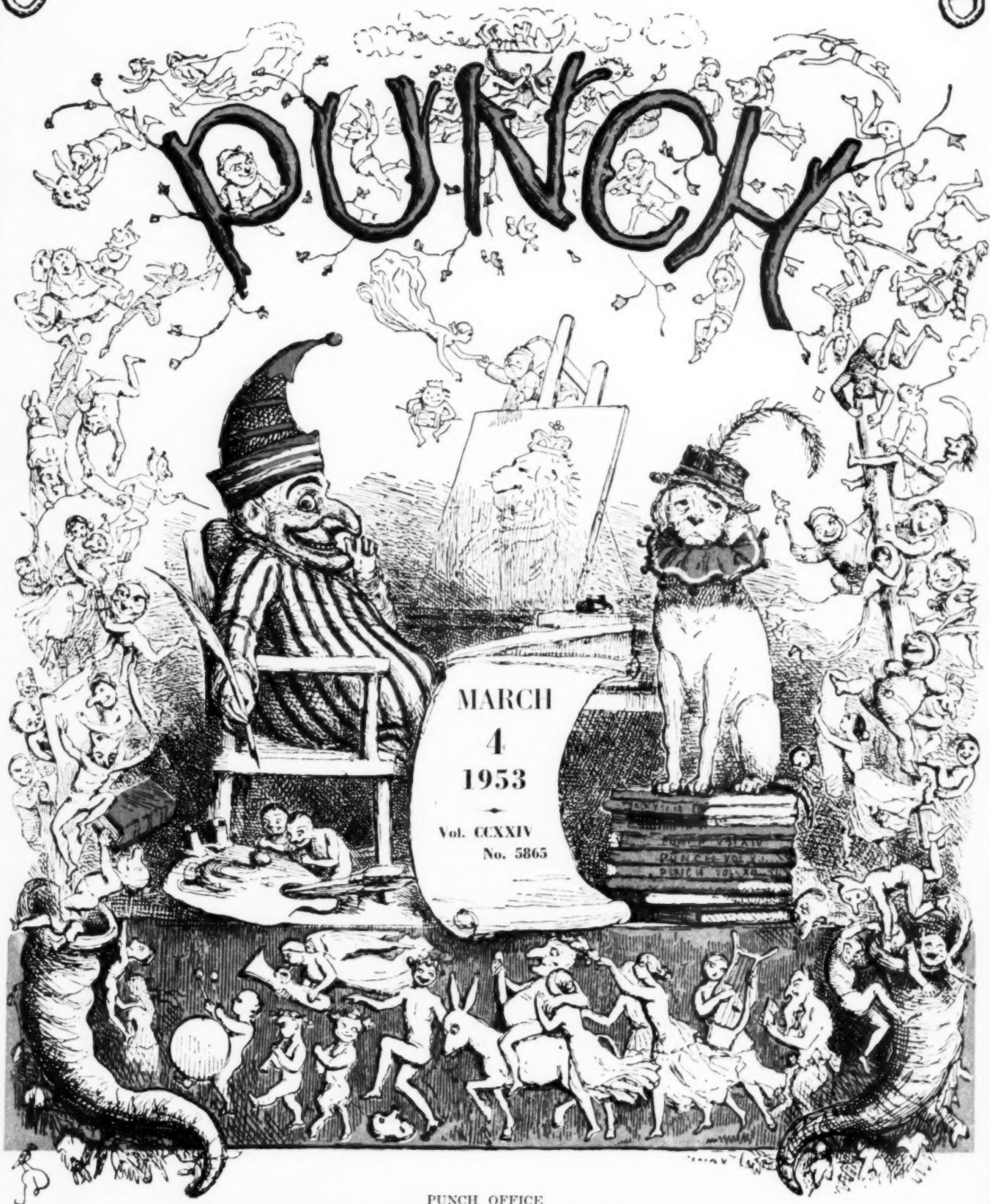


6^d

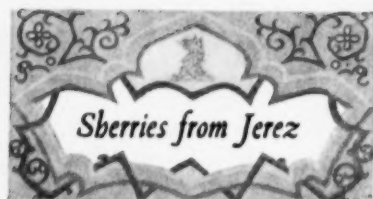
PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4 1953

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



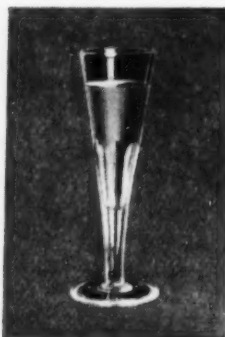
Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade — for it is close on ninety years since Chaplins brought their first batch of fine sherries from Jerez de la Frontera. Connoisseurs of sherry, whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here's a choice of six of the best to suit all tastes.



CHAPLINS

*fine sherries
and Concord ports*

W. H. Chaplin & Co. Ltd, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3
W. H. Chaplin & Co. (Scotland) Ltd, 43 Bathwell Street, Glasgow



CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino
MARINA a rare Manzanilla
SL. TERESA distinctive Amontillado
PLAZA an old golden Oloroso
TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso
TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

Eye-level grilling

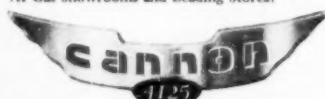


The greatest advance of the century in cooking!

The Cannon Gas Cooker A125 offers you 8 star features:—

- ★ Large capacity eye-level fold-away grill.
- ★ Broad spillover-proof hotplate.
- ★ Press-button lighting.
- ★ Large high-level turkey-size temperature controlled oven.
- ★ Storage and warming drawer.
- ★ Utensil and plate shelf.
- ★ Audible "click" safety taps.
- ★ Removable non-rusting burner caps.

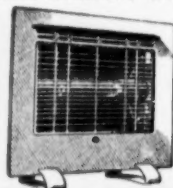
In gleaming easy-clean vitreous enamel—all white, all cream or cream and green. Yours for extended payments and as little as £3 deposit. At Gas Showrooms and Leading Stores.



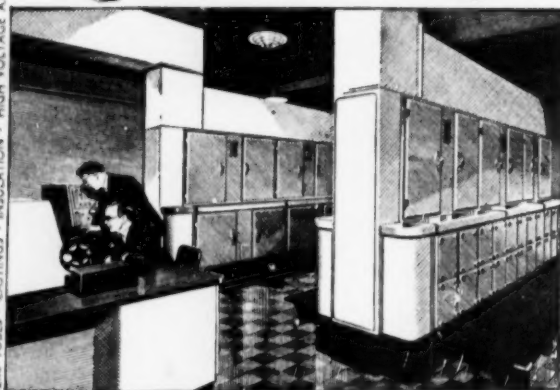
Britain's Best Cooker

Cannon (Holdings) Ltd., Deepfields, Bilston, Staffs. London Office: 4 Park Lane, Piccadilly, W.1.

MEASURING INSTRUMENTS - SWITCHBOARD INSTRUMENTS - VOLTAGE REGULATORS



← This you may know: but do you know this? →



The Digital Computer at Manchester University (made by Ferranti Ltd. under patent license from the National Research Development Corporation).

The "Safera" fire solves the problem of safety in domestic electric fires. The Manchester Computer solves in a day mathematical problems which might take years on ordinary calculating machines. On each product is stamped the name Ferranti, a name that has become part of the history of electricity.



FERRANTI LTD. HOLLINWOOD LANCs. LONDON OFFICE: 38 KINGSWAY, W.C.2

RADIO & TELEVISION - VALVES & C.B. TUBES - CASTINGS - INSULATION - HIGH VOLTAGE A.C. & D.C. TESTING EQUIPMENT

A.C. & D.C. HOUSE SERVICE & SWITCHBOARD METERS - CLIP ON AMPMETERS - ELECTRIC CLOCKS - ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS



A Gift that keeps on giving

... the whole year through.

A true gift for your home and real value for money. The beauty of shape, design and colour of ROYAL STANDARD fine bone china makes it a cherished possession. Insist on ROYAL STANDARD and if your store is out of stock it is worth waiting for.



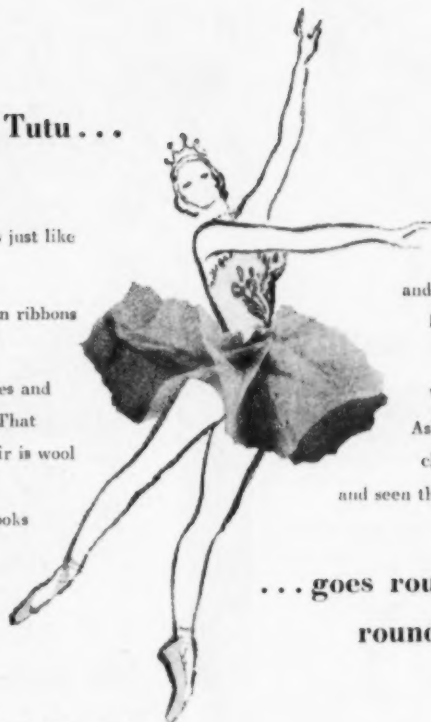
CHAPMANS LTD., LONGTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT

The girl in the Turquoise Tutu...

is a dancer, which is to say she's just like
other people, only more so.

On the stage nylon net, nylon ribbons
nylon slippers. Well, of course.

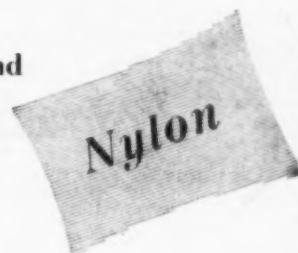
But go round behind the scenes and
have a word with her dresser. That
little grey suit on the chair is wool
and nylon — who'd have
thought it! Her coat which looks
like fur is nylon



and has a nylon lining
Her umbrella nylon taffeta,
and her gloves nylon too.

Where will nylon turn up next?
Ask and you will discover. Where
clothes are bought and sold
and seen the word

... goes round and
round in



British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon.



Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by
Horrockses
the Greatest Name in Cotton

*Springtime ... and
lovely cloths by
Hunt & Winterbotham*

The most exquisite lightweight
woollens and worsteds are on sale by
the yard at 4 Old Bond Street,
London, W.1. If you cannot
call, we shall be pleased to
send you any of our
2,000 patterns.



* ALSO LUXURIOUS TWIN-SETS IN CASHMERE, LAMOGRA AND LAMBSWOOL



Ridgways Ltd.
Tea Merchants
By Appointment to the
late King George VI and
the late Queen Victoria
(1866-1901)



What is teaconomy?

Some families economise by buying low-priced tea—and use more of it in an attempt to “bring out the flavour”. Peculiar economy! A blend of better quality yields its full flavour and fragrance at normal strength. Turn to a new leaf and enjoy the real economy of one of Ridgways celebrated blends. For delicate yet pronounced flavour and aroma, spend 1/3d. on a quarter of Ridgways “H.M.B.” (Her Majesty’s Blend). A truly great tea—costing less to drink than many a ‘cheaper’ tea. Or, for quick brewing, richer colour and bolder flavour, try Ridgways “Delicious” Small Leaf (1/2d. per ¼ lb).



RIDGWAYS LTD. OF THE CITY OF LONDON, 290-314 OLD STREET

CVB-12

Ask for Olde English

The Marmalade
with
**THICK-CUT
PEEL**
specially
made
TENDER
by Chivers



The Aristocrat of
the Breakfast Table

1 lb Jar 1/5 • 2 lb Jar 2/9

CHIVERS & SONS LTD. The Orchard Factory, HIRSTON, CAMBRIDGE
and at Montrose, Huntly and York.

G4244

For Active Children

For Breakfast



More and more
people are considering
quality and price. That
is why more and more
people every day insist
on Ovaltine.

For quality and value
for money, Ovaltine
stands in a class by itself.

So good, you'd expect
to pay more



For Bedtime



For Elevenses

Drink delicious
OVALTINE
The Vitamin-fortified
Food Beverage

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

OVALTINE RUSKS

These delicious Rusks which contain a proportion of 'Ovaltine', are appetising, digestible and nourishing. 'Ovaltine' Rusks are a welcome addition to the diet of children and adults. They are also a help to babies at teething time.

In Cans, 10d. and 1/7.

P.279A



Every day is a
sunny day when
Merriecolour decks
your casements

Grafton "MERRIECOLOUR"

"MERRIECOLOUR" is such a practical fabric. All cotton, reversible, 48" wide, guaranteed fadeless and fully warp shrunk. A choice of delightful designs is now in your furnishing store.

(TAX FREE)

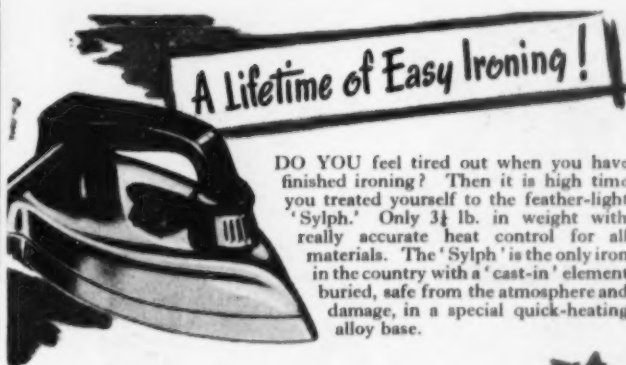
F. W. GRAFTON & CO. LTD. • ST. JAMES'S BUILDINGS • OXFORD STREET • MANCHESTER 1



Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn's great show jumper, beautifully presented in the JACQMAR manner on a fine silk square. Part proceeds will be presented to the British Olympic Equestrian Fund, price 89/6d.

Direct from **Jacqmar**

16 Grosvenor Street, W.1
or leading stores throughout the country.



DO YOU feel tired out when you have finished ironing? Then it is high time you treated yourself to the feather-light 'Sylph.' Only 3½ lb. in weight with really accurate heat control for all materials. The 'Sylph' is the only iron in the country with a 'cast-in' element buried, safe from the atmosphere and damage, in a special quick-heating alloy base.

'Sylph' Irons on continuous test have now completed 18,000 hours without breakdown - this is your guarantee of 100 per cent. efficiency backed by figures representing over a lifetime of trouble free ironing.

CHROMIUM PLATED BAKELITE
HANDLE. PRICE 59/6

Our Sales Department "J" will be pleased (without any obligation) to give you complete details of the 'Sylph' and other appliances.

PREMIER
A FINE-QUALITY PRODUCT

Why not write to-day?



"Sylph"
AUTOMATIC
HEAT CONTROLLED
ELECTRIC IRON

Member of the A.E.I. Group of Companies.
PREMIER ELECTRIC HEATERS LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 9

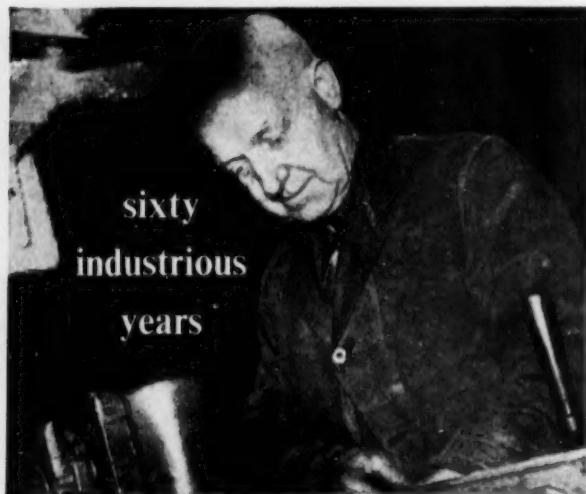


If you have evening
Tasks to do . . .

An Osram lamp
Is the lamp for you!

Osram
THE WONDERFUL LIGHT

A GEC Product The General Electric Co. Ltd.



sixty
industrious
years

At the age of ten, Master Fred Hartley started work at a mill in Lancashire. Today, in his seventieth year, he still devotes the working hours of his days to textiles as an overlooker at the Vantona Mills.

Time has honoured Fred with a skill no book could teach. His knowledge of weaving is complete—just as it was with his brother who, starting at eleven years of age, was a mill manager on his retirement at

sixty. His is a jealous guard on quality—he does not need to teach others (except those who will follow him on) how to judge the quality of his workmanship.

Here is the craftsmanship that enables Vantona to guarantee their merchandise—that makes Vantona Textiles typical of the products of Britain, admired and sought after throughout the world for their unerring quality.



Vantona HOUSEHOLD TEXTILES

Vantona Textiles Limited, 107 Portland Street, Manchester 1

Real "French"
comes in the
Large bottle

"NOILLY PRAT" is still made only in France from French grapes by French blenders in the traditional French way, still matured for years in the wood, and bottled in the large bottle. The dry vermouth that blends so well with gin, that is robust enough to make a most subtle aperitif on its own, or with just a sliver of lemon peel, squeezed and dropped into it. In Summer, soda and ice may be added. So remember :

SAY 'Noilly Prat' AND
YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT

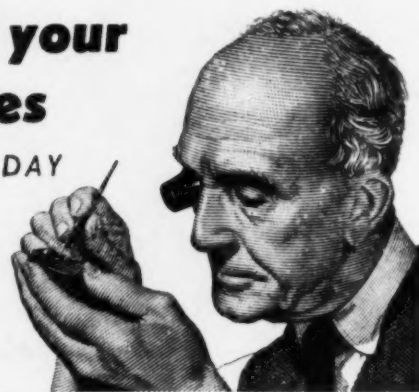
NOILLY PRAT

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE



SOLE IMPORTERS: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

**Mind your
eyes**
EVERY DAY



Here's a man whose livelihood depends on keeping his eyes in first-class condition : he knows that under the strain and stress of modern life it's just sheer commonsense to include eye care in the daily "bath-room drill". Every day, inevitably, your eyes pick up those tiny particles of dirt and dust which are always present in the atmosphere.



To cleanse and benefit your eyes, there's nothing better than an Optrex eye bath. And, moreover, if you are suffering from some minor eye affliction, Optrex is the answer every time. For your sight's sake, use Optrex as part of your regular toilet—and seek professional advice at the earliest moment whenever you feel this necessary.

Optrex * Buy and use the OPTREX EYE BATH. Anatomically designed, it fits your eye—and fits the top of the bottle. Use Optrex Eye Compresses too, for special occasions.

the EYE LOTION

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 2/6 · 4/4½ · 10/-

Welcome to the Great Exhibition of this Great Year

In this Proud and Happy Year it is fitting that the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition should outshine all previous years in splendour, scope and variety. And this, indeed, it does. Never before has the Exhibition contained so much to see, to admire, to wish for or to buy, as in this year of 1953. With the prices of most things lower than they have been for years the Exhibition offers to every home-lover everywhere an exciting opportunity not to be missed.



HOUSES TO RENT, BUY OR BUILD

In a village of homes and shops are the latest Government and private-enterprise houses, including a house, furnished by Ann Temple, which anyone can now build.

THE CORONATION COACH IN CLOSE-UP.

Here is the fabulous Coronation Coach in all its splendour, every detail of its majestic retinue faithfully reproduced in the Grand Hall with its canopies of gold and ermine, its proud panoply of banners bearing the Arms of Britain's Cities.



THE VILLAGE MARKET PLACE. Traditional countryside fare and wares of England and Wales are displayed in the gay Market Place run by the Women's Institutes.

**FOOD SECTION AND
INTERNATIONAL FARE**
Tempting displays of
delicious foods

NYLON JOINS THE FAMILY
A fascinating story of a
fascinating fabric

NESTLÉ'S PLAYLAND
A wonderland for children

SUNLIT GARDENS OF MUSIC
Famous orchestras enhance the
loveliness of flower-filled gardens

THE BOOKSHOP
10,000 FREE Gift
Vouchers for children

GADGETS GALORE
New inventions
that will sweep the country

DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

OLYMPIA · MARCH 3 - 28

Admission 3/- Children under 15 years half-price



You can't bring up a child in a safe

But wise and loving mothers protect their children from sickness, and help them to grow up with sturdy bones and good strong teeth through the natural goodness drawn from sunshine and the richness of the sea, in

SevenSeaS COD LIVER OIL

Sea-fresh, vitamin rich, daily SevenSeaS—golden liquid or handy capsules—builds up reserves of health and energy.

Every chemist sells SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9



Father switches on
for saving
Time and trouble
when he's shaving



It's a
happy family
with a

SWAN BRAND

ELECTRIC KETTLE

In the home for a LIFETIME

From Leading
Stores & Electrical
Dealers

Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

M-W. 262



Any complaints, Miss Henshawe?

Making crockery and cutlery really clean is no longer the difficult problem it used to be. Efficient dishwashing methods require detergents with ingredients which soften water and prevent the deposition of film and scale. These are only some of the useful properties of Calgon — a phosphate product made by Albright & Wilson. Many proprietary dishwashing compounds now embody this practical answer to the demand for cleaner food.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W.1

15W100

"New member? What's his line of country?"



Hard to tell, when a man's so well-dressed. Might be in Business, or Law, or Medicine, or the Services.

Or manage a Bank or a racing stable. Anyway, he's wearing a Maenson suit — there's no mystery about that.

How on earth do you know? Oh, just a hunch. Look at that thoroughbred cut. Notice the faultless fit. Observe the discreet luxury of the material. Must be a Maenson! Like to let?

Nothing doing, you old fox. You've got inside information. Out with it!

Well, for one thing, I wear Maenson suits myself, so I know the form. And, for another, I happened to spot the Maenson★ label inside his coat when he took it off to play Pool.

Maenson
CLOTHES FOR MEN
...the fitting choice

★A new range of discreetly-tailored Maenson suits, light overcoats and sports clothes, in fine lasting cloths, faultless styles and 80 different fittings, awaits your critical appraisal.

NORVIC FOOTLIKE

THE SHOE THAT FOLLOWS

THE SHAPE OF

THE HUMAN FOOT

73/9



A NORVIC FOOTLIKE shoe is so constructed that the wearer's foot is given complete freedom. This is achieved by making the shoe on a last that follows the contours of the natural form of the human foot. Footlike gives you the highest degree of comfort. In smooth Black or Brown calf, made in 6 different widths in every size and half-size from 5-12.

For illustrated booklet in colour and name and address of nearest supplier write to:

THE NORVIC SHOE COMPANY LIMITED - NORTHAMPTON



At home or away



There is nothing to equal Scotch Whisky whether enjoyed at home or away. How extra good it is when you choose "Black & White". Blended in the special "Black & White" way this fine Scotch Whisky is the perfect drink at any time and for all occasions.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to the late King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

For your kitchen



Here is the very latest Harper Mincer—designed specially for modern housewives. Gleaming vitreous enamel in beautiful mottled green, smooth, easily cleaned exterior and interior, quickly operated rubber-cushioned clamp that cannot damage wooden or enamelled table tops. Polished steel cutters for maximum efficiency and long handle for effortless mincing. Look out for the

HARPER No. 1000 FOOD MINCER

Your ironmonger or hardware dealer can supply you.



**HARPER
HOUSEWARES**

**JOHN HARPER & COMPANY LIMITED
WILLENHALL STAFFS**

H-331

Woolf No. 13 with appropriate apologies.



*When the South Sea Bubble burst in 1720
Lots of investors lost plenty.
But not those who knew the golden rule:—
It's wisest to invest in Wool.*

*There is **no** substitute for **Wool***



11.31

**IMPROVED
PERFORMANCE
ATTRACTIVE
APPEARANCE
FAULTLESS
DESIGN**

Carefully planned to ensure better cooking... in less time... with less effort... and with less gas!

With well-rounded corners inside and outside... finished in CREAM Vitreous Enamel... easy to keep clean.

See it at your
local Gas
Showrooms

No. 20
CENTURY

The New Gas Cooker

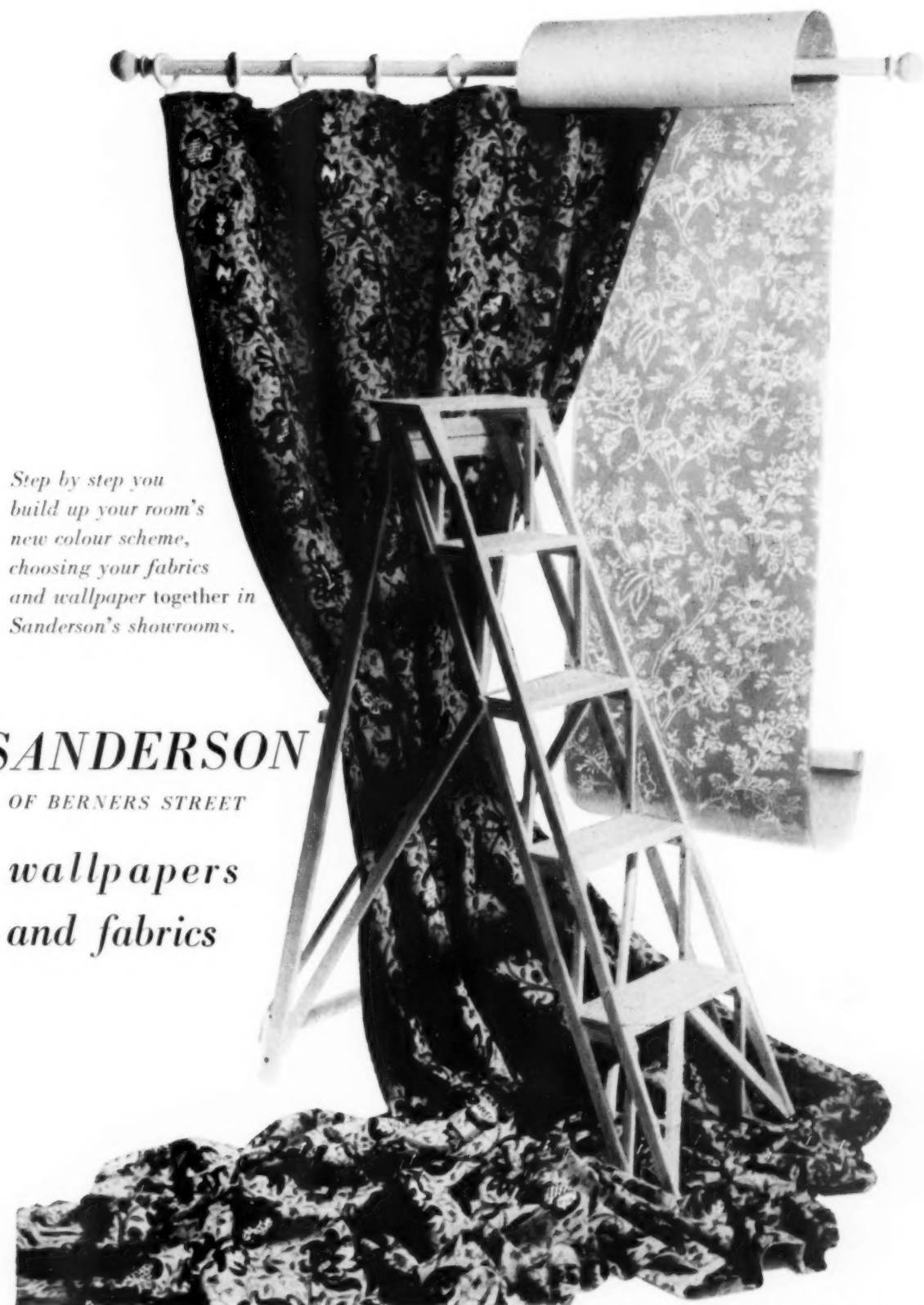
Chosen to represent the industry at the South Bank Exhibition.



Available with Hotplate Extensions

NOTE THE NAME—MADE BY **MAIN**

4P/6



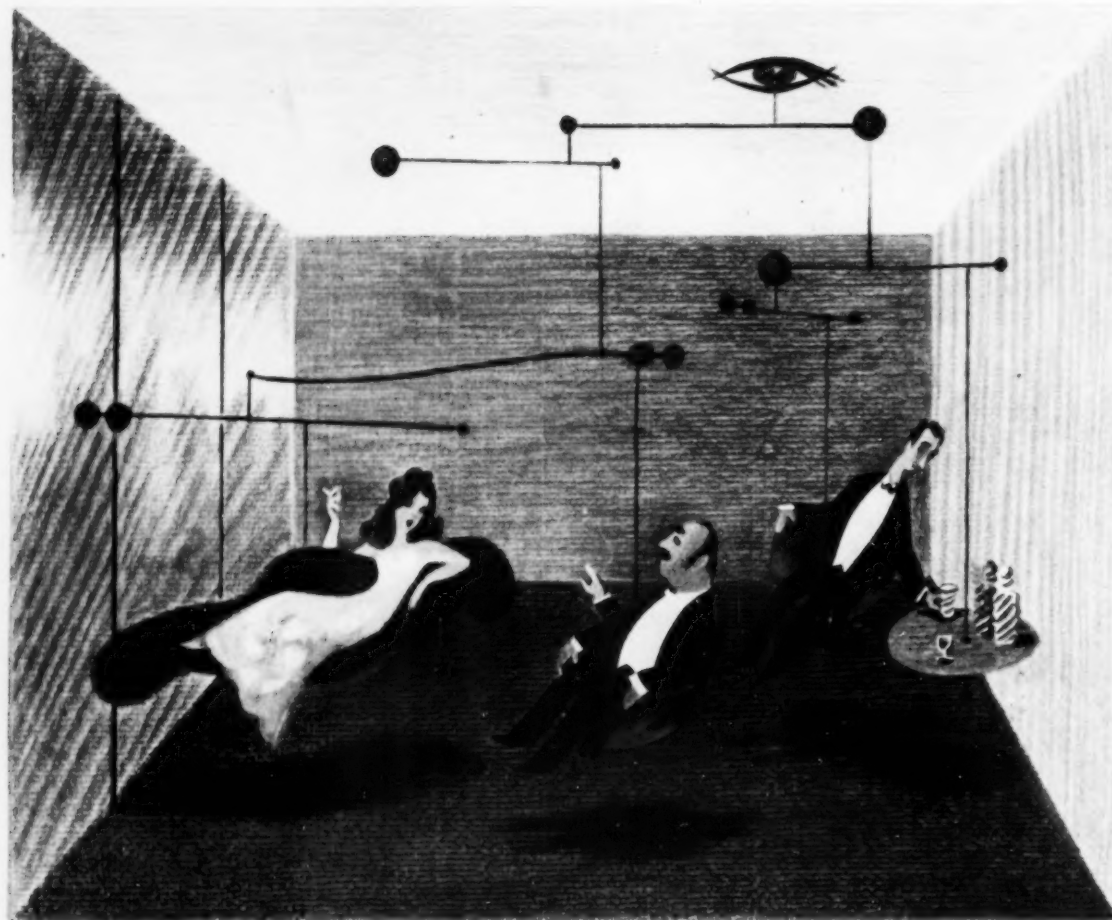
*Step by step you
build up your room's
new colour scheme,
choosing your fabrics
and wallpaper together in
Sanderson's showrooms.*

SANDERSON

OF BERNERS STREET

*wallpapers
and fabrics*

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD., 52-53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1. 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3.



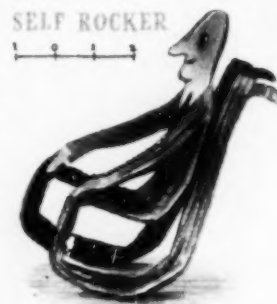
Schweppshire shows the Way

1. CONVERSATION PIECE

This glimpse at the Conversation Room of a typical home in Schweppshire shows how we try to embody the future in the present while retaining at the same time a lingering look at the past. Schweppaiev, our leading architect, has long ago dispensed with roof and walls in his buildings and these are now confined to out-of-door settings. Freedom from what has been called the carpet terminal is ensured by the elevation of seats above it, and a swing of the knee, easily practised, will bring talkers face to face or back to back as desired. A lifted finger, and the intercepted electronic eye swings the cocktail table into place. A compact gesture machine which ranges from the meditative stroke of the back of the head to the angrily pointed forefinger, enables speakers to obtain complete rest and

relaxation while talking. Note the return to nature in the airy interplay of the communing figures reminiscent of the arboreal life of our remote ancestors.

Professor Schweppaiev tells us that in a few years furniture will be done away with altogether, and, trained in the exercises of the New Schwyogi, adaptable Schweppians will achieve the supra-furniture state and be their own tables, footrests, pianos, or, as here, rocking chairs.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



FAR AND AWAY

MORE INTERESTING

If you are going to Australia or New Zealand—go with the Canada Goose, go Canadian Pacific. Spend a whole day in Honolulu, and visit Fiji too without extra expense... Travel by plane all the way, if you like; or by sea and rail to the Pacific and then aloft in a luxurious Empress of the Air.

Through air rate, London or Prestwick to Sydney, £304. To Auckland, £299. Comet jet airliners are joining this service soon.

The Far East: regular service between Vancouver, Tokyo and Hong Kong.

Full information from your authorised travel agent or

Canadian Pacific

AIRLINES

Trafalgar Square W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100) 103 Leadenhall Street E.C.3. (Avenue 4707) LONDON and offices throughout Britain and the Continent

SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ % per annum

Income Tax paid by the Society

Equal to £4. 15. 3 per cent. to investors subject to income tax at the standard rate

The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

Total Assets £153,974,000

ABBAY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBAY HOUSE, BAKER'S STREET, LONDON, N.W.3
For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory



This is

DRY SCALP

Looks awful, doesn't it? Is your hair dry, scuffy, unmanageable, dandruff-flecked, like this? Then buy 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today!

Scuffy hair puts people off!

Here's how to end

DRY SCALP

SCRUFFY HAIR looks awful! Flakes of dandruff in the parting, or on the collar... that uncombed look—Dry Scalp can spoil the smartest appearance.

Start to use 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, and you'll notice a wonderful difference! Hair will look healthy and stay tidy all day; dandruff will disappear! Just a regular massage with a few drops for 20 seconds every day; don't rub—just work it in gently, moving the whole scalp. This treatment is really economical. So start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today.

What a difference! When you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, your scalp feels better, your hair stays well-groomed all day.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC
THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

A **NEW** CAR BATTERY—

THE *Silver* Exide

Now—today if you wish—you can buy from your garage at standard prices the new Silver Exide, a battery more efficient and with longer life than any standard battery—even an Exide—you ever used before. Here is a battery that will change your whole conception of the service a car battery can give. A battery that eliminates the actual main cause of battery failure!

**PORVIC gives Exide the green light—
for the biggest battery advance in 25 years!**

Battery improvement had reached an impasse—blocked by the separator. Separators, which divide each battery plate from the next, normally wear away and slowly but surely weaken under the stress of motor car service. Failure of the separators—even of one separator—means the failure of the battery. That was the deadlock that Porvic has now broken—Porvic, the new plastic separator and a British discovery. Porvic is pliable yet very tough, over 80% porous

and yet a perfect electrical insulator; and it is completely inert chemically and resistant to wear. Used in the Silver Exide as a separator, Porvic changes that shortest-lived component of the battery into one which is virtually indestructible. Porvic now makes possible the use—to the full advantage—of the new plates with long-life alloy grids that for years have been undergoing test and development in the Exide research laboratories!

THESE 3 STRIDES carry the **SILVER EXIDE** forward—beyond the hitherto accepted limits of battery life

1. PORVIC SEPARATORS Microporous, they freely absorb the electrolyte and enable the battery to release its full power to the starter motor. They never develop wear to weaken the assembly of the battery.

2. CB.95 ALLOY PLATE GRIDS From alloy CB.95, an exclusive Exide formula, are manufactured long-life plate grids pasted with improved active materials, resulting in plates whose full capabilities could not be realised until Porvic brought separator life into line. Now, fitted in the Silver Exide battery in combination with Porvic separators, they raise electrical efficiency and length of life to an altogether new level.

3. HARD RUBBER CONTAINER The container of the Silver Exide battery is hard rubber of the highest quality—tough, leak-proof and shock-resistant—designed and developed to outlast even the longer life plates it holds.



*The name EXIDE in silver is
the hall-mark of the Silver Exide*

STANDARD
EXIDE
PRICES

YOUR GARAGE CAN SUPPLY TODAY

A PRODUCT OF CHLORIDE BATTERIES LIMITED

SL/33P



CHARIVARIA

THE realization that H.M.S. *Hermes* descended the slipway at Barrow in the ordinary old-fashioned way came as a bit of an anticlimax after the *Daily Telegraph* headlines, "Carrier With Angled-Deck Launched: Catapult Feature."

~ ~

Television plays, if the general tone of the critics is anything to go by, still leave a great deal to be desired. The only element of dramatic excitement connected with the average presentation seems to occur upstairs while the family are watching downstairs.



~ ~

Officials in charge of the drive to reduce the gap between British Railways income and expenditure may have overlooked the possibility of tightening up on signwriting costs. One Southern Region bridge over a Hampshire road is inscribed: "This being a low bridge it is dangerous for high vehicles to pass under."

~ ~

Valiantly making yet one more attack on the difficult subject of what is funny and why, Mr. Tom Hopkinson writes in a Sunday paper, "Every time a lion springs at a goat, misses its footing and goes over a precipice, humour is at work." Our advice to goats finding themselves thus situated would be, however, not to stand there laughing. He might be on a ledge.

~ ~

Students of current leader and correspondence columns may be getting the impression that it is obligatory, in any printed reference to the year 1953, to adopt the form "this year of Coronation" or "this

Coronation year." Research discloses, however, that these usages have no firm base in precept or protocol, and it has therefore been decided that, as far as *Punch* is concerned, such expressions as "1953," "the present year," or "the year Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-three" shall be deemed to refer to this Coronation year, this year of Coronation, or both.

~ ~

Theatre-goers who flocked to *The Cocktail Party* in the pleasurable certainty that they would never be able to get to the bottom of it will be shocked to learn that Mr. Eliot's next, *The Confidential Clerk*, will be easily understood by all. This is another nail in the coffin of Mystery. Fewer and fewer things go over people's heads nowadays. To schoolboys the secrets of nuclear fission are as familiar as the twice-times table, the climate of Mars is an open book. Foam on the rivers promised well, but its tedious origins are now known to everyone. Soon we shall be left with nothing but *Edwin Drood* and the Abominable Snowman—unless a gleam of hope is to be found in the announcement that the drama class of an American girls' college is shortly to present a stage version of *Finnegans Wake*.

~ ~

The battle for public favour waged in the public interest (and at the public expense) between the nation's gas and electricity undertakings has taken a new turn with the announcement that beds of sweet-smelling flowers are to be planted round power stations administered by the British Electricity Authority. A spokesman for the other side says that no retaliation is contemplated at the moment, as the Gas Council has every confidence in the old-established sweet-smelling plants so long associated with the industry.



THE GRAVY TRAIN SLOWS DOWN

ONE of the more distressing of contemporary spectacles is an Englishman lecturing or orating in the United States on the subject of Anglo-American relations. He is liable (and who shall blame him?) to propound arguments which are so obvious that they are not worth stating, or so evidently obsolete that they are embarrassing. Thus, he is almost bound to mention that the two countries must, to their mutual benefit, hang together, and that each has a contribution to make to the other's security. The first of these observations still evokes among Americans a faint cheer; the second they greet with mild, and usually inwardly contained, incredulity. Most Americans, that is to say, consider that the partnership has swung so heavily to their side as to be scarcely a partnership at all any longer, which means that our bargaining position *vis-à-vis* them, such as it is, has declined, and is likely to go on declining.

The rich and the powerful are always disliked, as the British were in the nineteenth century. They on the whole enjoyed being disliked, but the Americans find it disconcerting, particularly since being liked is an integral part of the whole mystique of the American Way of Life. Thus they get abnormally touchy, and feel hurt that their lavish distribution of dollars has won them neither affection nor gratitude. Western Europeans, for their part, are conscious of a position of dependence which neither their history nor their status in the world seems to warrant. From the G.I. level upwards, all the circumstances exist for friction, misunderstanding and positive hostility, and there are not lacking those who deliberately seek to exploit this state of affairs with a view to the ultimate wrecking of the whole structure of corporate Western defence.

Such considerations will naturally be present in the minds of Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden in carrying out

their latest joint mission to Washington. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary constitute a somewhat unusual team. In this particular case, it has been explained with a certain emphasis, Mr. Eden is participating in his capacity of Deputy Prime Minister, and the subjects which are expected to arise concern the Treasury rather than the Foreign Office. Politicians always like to sustain the illusion that any pushing of themselves forward is alien to their natures. Why they should be so concerned to disavow an ambition which in other professions is regarded as normal, is not clear. The public, however, in the light of past history and present practice, shows little inclination to take their pretensions seriously, and delights to speculate on how the political field is shaping. Is Mr. Butler creeping up on the existing favourite, Mr. Eden? Will they, perhaps, riding neck and neck, be overtaken in the last stretch by some relative outsider like Sir David Maxwell Fyfe? Favourites in the past have often made a disappointing finish, and a Stanley Baldwin has been known to reach the winning post before the punters even knew of his existence.

Be that as it may, in Washington the two Ministers will certainly strive their utmost to correct misunderstandings which have arisen since President Eisenhower moved into the White House, and to deal with the everlasting problem of sterling-dollar exchange. Ever since the end of the 1939-45 war there has been an unending procession through Washington of foreign notabilities seeking to make contact with the Federal Administration. More often than not, it must be admitted, their eyes have been turned longingly in the direction of the Treasury Department, whence billions upon billions of dollars have been disbursed in the shape of loans, economic and military aid, Point Four and other projects. Now, however, that the Republicans have fought their way back to office, what Americans call "the gravy train" is markedly slowing down, and foreign expenditure is likely henceforth to be subjected to a considerably more careful scrutiny than heretofore.

It is, in any case, clear that Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden are not so much in search of dollar aid as of some measure of dollar convertibility. Memories are still fresh of Dr. Dalton's arrival in Washington when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of how, shaking a finger in his inimitable manner, he professed his booming and abounding confidence in the strength of sterling, and proceeded almost to ruin us by introducing convertibility. Mr. Butler will assuredly not be led into such disastrous courses, but the fact remains that unless and until the currencies of the two great trading systems outside the Iron Curtain become interchangeable, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and other Keynesian legacies will continue to be no more than ghostly reminders of unrealized hopes of enduring economic recovery.

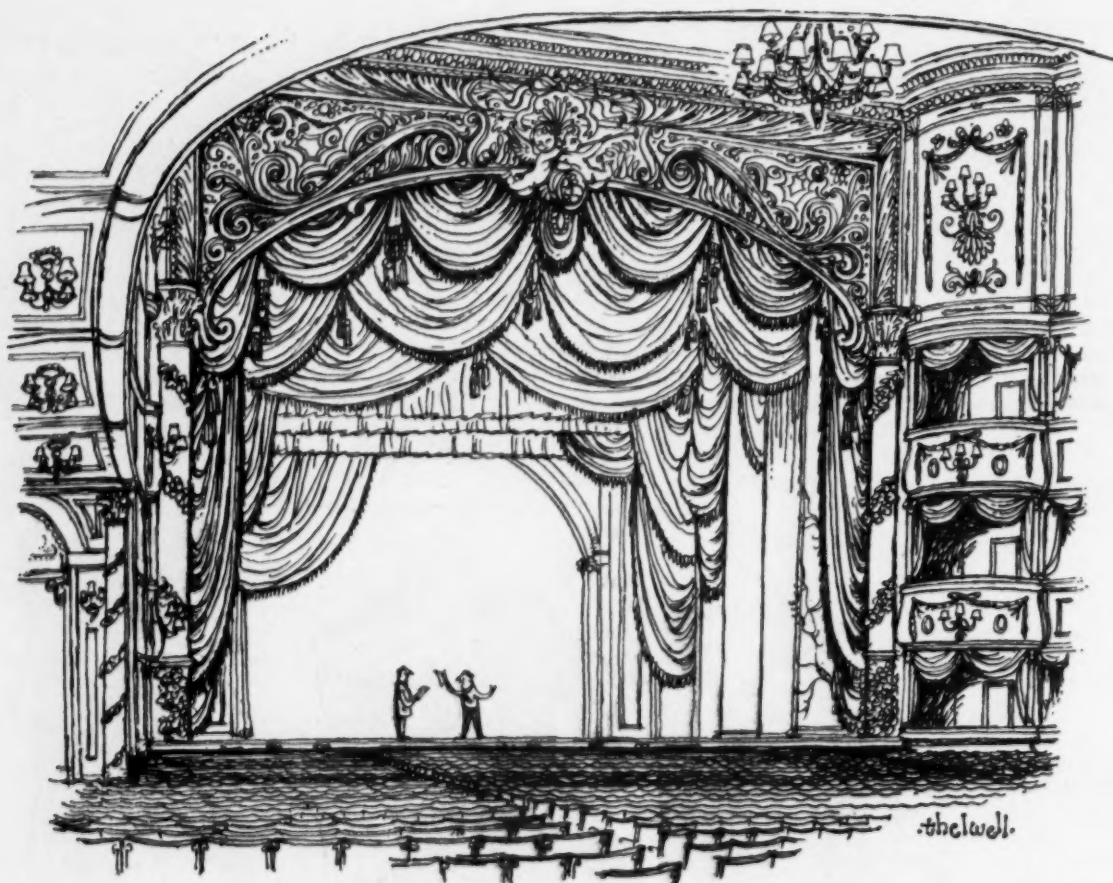
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

BEST OF THE BUNCH		WESTMINSTER POOLS		MUST BE WON	
EASY TEN		PREMIER SIX			
ARSENAL V. BURNLEY		EDEN V. BUTLER			
LEEDS U. V. MOTTS C.		MACMILLAN V. MAXWELL F.			
BRISTOL C. V. MILLWALL		MAXWELL F. V. EDEN			
PORT VALE V. OLDHAM A.		BUTLER V. MACMILLAN			
MANCHESTER V. NINE		MACMILLAN V. EDEN			
WALSLEY V. SHEFF. U.		MAXWELL F. V. BUTLER			
		STAKE			

Hollowood



"EITHER OF YOU GENTLEMEN ANY IDEAS
ABOUT MR. CHURCHILL'S SUCCESSOR?"



"Now try to get the atmosphere—you're dying here in this sordid filthy old attic."

Catchum Coloured Person

*"Eeny, meeny, miny, mo
Catch a — by his toe,"*

recited one of the three little girls as I went by. I held my hands to my ears in horror.

"Tut, child!" I said primly.

The poor children looked up at me. They cannot have had the least idea what the word meant.

"What is your name?" I asked the one who had been reciting.

"Eeny."

"Listen, Eeny," I said, sitting on the bench beside her. "Do you know that is a very wicked word?" Eeny was silent. "Don't you know that's a very naughty word?" I repeated.

"It's my name," she said.

"No, no," I said. These children must be sunk in the very depths of ignorance. It would be a virtuous act to instruct them. I looked round for Meeny and

Miny. They had disappeared. I looked back at Eeny. She was rising from the bench like a lark. I hauled her back.

"Listen, Eeny," I said, watching her warily, "in that rhyme of yours there is a very wicked word which you must promise never to use again."

Eeny remained silent. Perhaps she was a backward child.

"How did it go?" I asked, trying to make it simple for her. "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, catch a Negro by his toe . . ."

"Not Negro. —."

I shuddered. For a moment I almost understood the state of mind of the Victorian savages who would strike a child.

"No, no, Eeny," I said faintly. "That is the dreadful word you must never use. Do you know what it means?"

"Silly," said Eeny. "It means a black boy."
How could I explain the thing simply to this child? She seemed to lack the most ordinary mentalequipment.

"You know, Eeny," I said, lightly but seriously, "there are people whose skins are darker than yours or mine——"

"I know," she said, with a horrible grin. "Black men. —s."

I set my teeth and forged on.

"But you must remember," I said, "they are people just the same as you and me. They have the same thoughts and feelings inside themselves. They are sensitive; that means they can be easily hurt."

Eeny seemed not to have heard most of this. She was looking round to see where Meeny and Miny had gone to. I tried to make the matter clear to her by putting it in a nearer, more personal way.

"Eeny," I said sharply, "suppose you were a little coloured girl."

This actually drew her wandering attention.

"Oo," she said. "What colour?"

Was the child an idiot? "Dark-skinned," I said. "You mean black?"

I buried my face in my hands, but took it out in time to haul Eeny down to the bench again.

"If you were dark-skinned," I said determinedly, "if you were a little native girl, would you like people to call you black?"

"What's native?"

"Native," I said patiently, "means born . . . well, it's usually used to mean born in a hot country."

Eeny clapped her hands.

"I'm a native," she said. "I was born in August."

I was at the end of my resources. I felt all I could do was to put the case as clearly as I could to this child and then leave her before she started her witless, complicated talk again, hoping that in future years some fragment of my talk would come back to her.

"Listen, Eeny. If you ever meet any little dark-skinned boys or girls, you must remember that they are just like you. Try to remember they are people like ourselves. Try to remember to treat them *very* gently and *very* kindly, and remember, Eeny——"

At this point I shook her slightly.

"Remember, Eeny, never, never describe them as black or call them—or call them —s."

Eeny's attention had wandered again. She was staring sideways, grinning all over her face, and struggling to get away. I looked round. A little Negro boy was standing on the path.

"Come on," he said, grinning back at Eeny. "We're waiting for you."

"Who are you?" I asked him, *very* gently and *very* kindly.

"I'm Mo," he said.

R. P. LISTER

"One assistant remembered two men hovering behind the customers. One was between 30 and 35, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, with dark hair and no hat. The other was 30 to 35, 5 ft. 8 in. and hatless."—*Daily Telegraph*

Would he still know them apart?

FADELESS PRINTS

WITHIN the window of a shop
Next door to where the buses stop
Stands an inspiring card
Which modestly proclaims a line
Of "FADELESS PRINTS, reduced to nine
And sevenpence a yard."

Faded the prints of Oxford halls
Which deck Great-uncle William's walls,
Faint as his memory
Of that unbridled thirst for truth
Driven by which rebellious youth
Sang Swinburne down the High.

Fast-fading prints with seven toes
Are tracked through Himalayan snows
By silent Blackwoodsmen.
Almost as fast Man's imprints fade
Scored on the shores of Time with spade,
Sword, steamroller, or pen.

So, waiting for the bus, I muse
Upon those clear eternal hues,
As promised on the card;
That infinitely bright design
Reduced by circumstance to nine
And sevenpence a yard.



For Your Ideal Home



1 The theme of this year's Exhibition is the Village of the Future. Isn't it exciting to think of all the good farmland that will be saved when villages of this kind begin to go up? The rope ladders are by **Ladderope**, of Knightsbridge.



2 **Dinkifood** are showing these gay china mallets for cracking the shells of your breakfast eggs. They come in various sizes to match the various grades of eggs.



3 Also from **Dinkifood** comes this new egg-cup—so useful when eggs come off the ration.



4 Haven't you always longed for a tray that will float in your bath-water? This model is of inflatable Rubberine and is sold by **Dexter and Sinnister** at seven guineas.



- 5 For a delicious change, stock your home with Frutola real plastic jam.



- 6 Aren't you tired of toasters that shoot your toast up into the air? This model, from the **Eggregious Electric** list, projects it right on to your plate, or into a matching horizontal toast-rack. (Toaster, 7 guineas; toast-rack, 3 guineas.)



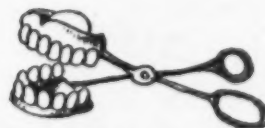
- 7 **Rudolph Radio** are exhibiting this beautiful Tudor-style television set—just the thing for New Elizabethans, don't you think? It is very moderately priced at 850 guineas.



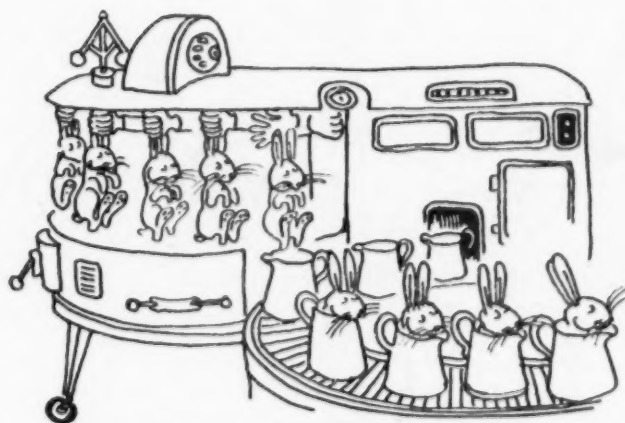
- 8 If your kiddies are more than usually stupid, this gay lamp (£7 10s. at **Wheal's**) may be just what you need for the schoolroom.



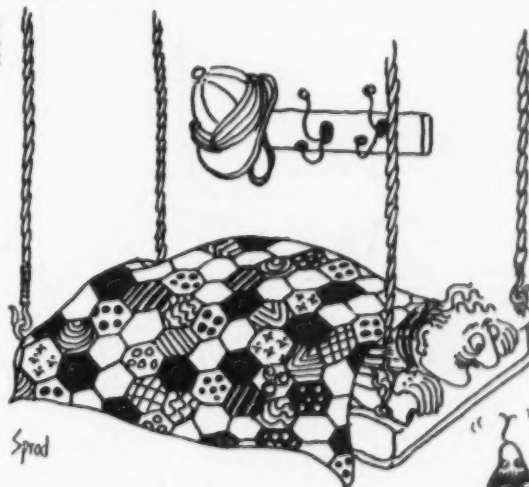
- 9 The **Savecole** slow-burning grate, exhibited by **Scowl and Rabies**, is a great saver of fuel, and, having no chimney, is easily installed.



- 10 **Winnie Glue** is showing the **Wunda** combination pie-taster and crimper—in coloured plastic, 7/6.



- 11 For large households, where the meat ration is a problem, the **No Plus Ultra** home hare-juggling outfit will prove a real blessing. It works with electricity, gas or kerosene and will save its cost in a few decades. **Fumbledown Industries** are the manufacturers.



- 12 This useful bedstead, to be seen on the **Slumberjoy** stand, lets down from the ceiling on adjustable chains and gives complete protection against snakes in tropical countries. There is a clever stabilizer in the suspension to prevent swinging in earthquake-y weather.

B. A. Y.

PILOT OF THE POOLS

x

TO-DAY, my lords and gentlemen, we think you might be interested in some of the *history* of this affair. If not, it can't be helped: you will have it, just the same.

Some of the younger bishops and judges among you may suppose, as many do, that football betting is a fairly recent addition to the British way of life. So, in its present size and shape, it is: but it is no new growth. Far back in 1913, you will be surprised to hear, before the last war but one, "The Football Association became concerned at the growth of organized football betting, particularly on the coupon system, which they considered to have a detrimental effect on the game. A Ready Money Football Betting Bill was introduced in 1914, but the outbreak of the war prevented

further progress." (We are quoting from the Royal Commission of 1932-33.)

"The matter was again taken up after the war, and the Ready Money Football Betting Act 1920, was enacted." This Act was directed against ready money "football combination betting," as the queer new business was called in those far days.

The affair began, it seems, in prizes offered by newspapers for the most successful predictions of the results of groups of matches. "The professional bookmakers," the Royal Commission remarks in 1933, "saw that this offered a method of betting which could be successfully exploited and it has now become a large and lucrative trade." So, once more, the poor old Press, it seems, must bear the original blame.

In those days the main thing was betting by fixed odds, which may surprise you. "There is also," says the Commission in paragraph

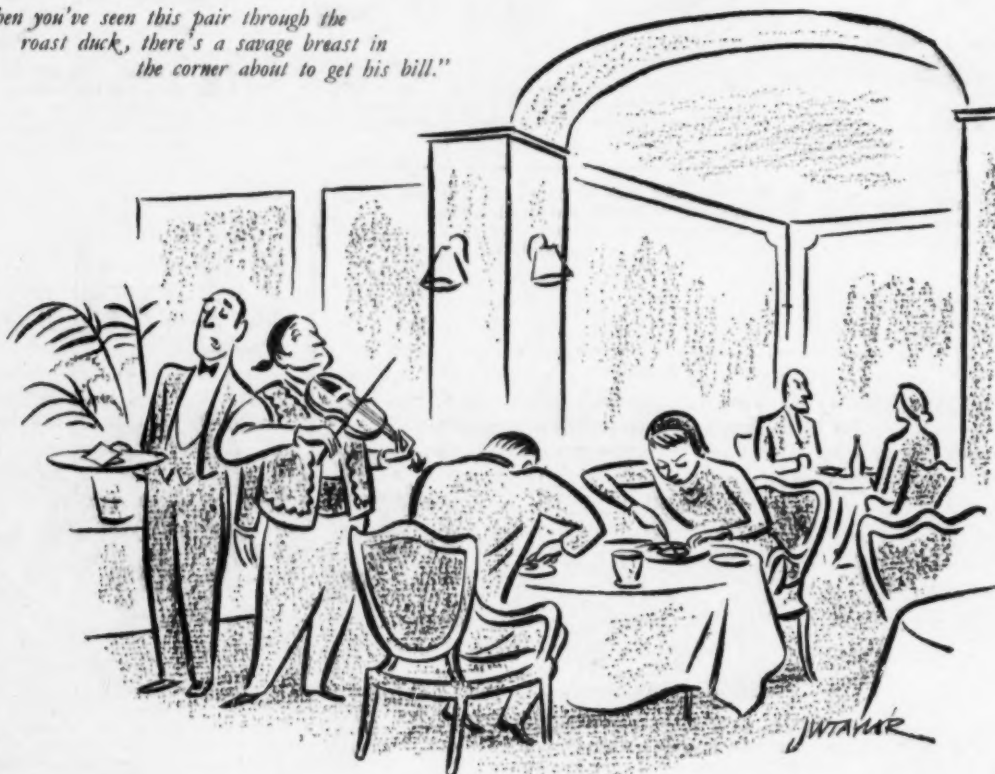
138, "a considerable amount of football betting on the 'pool' principle. In this form of football betting no odds are stated."

It is pleasant, by the way, to see how easily such low facts of life are handled in high places. Observe the lucid virginal explanation of fixed odds betting in paragraph 137: "A series of different odds is offered by the bookmaker. In the first place different odds are offered according to the number of matches which are selected; thus the bettor who predicts the results of twelve matches gets better odds than the man who only undertakes to predict the results of six matches."

"Again, Draws are regarded as more difficult to predict than decisive results, and Away wins than wins on a team's home ground. Longer odds are therefore offered for a successful prediction of Draws than of wins, and for Away wins as compared with Home wins."

That Commission, led by Mr.

*"When you've seen this pair through the
roast duck, there's a savage breast in
the corner about to get his bill."*

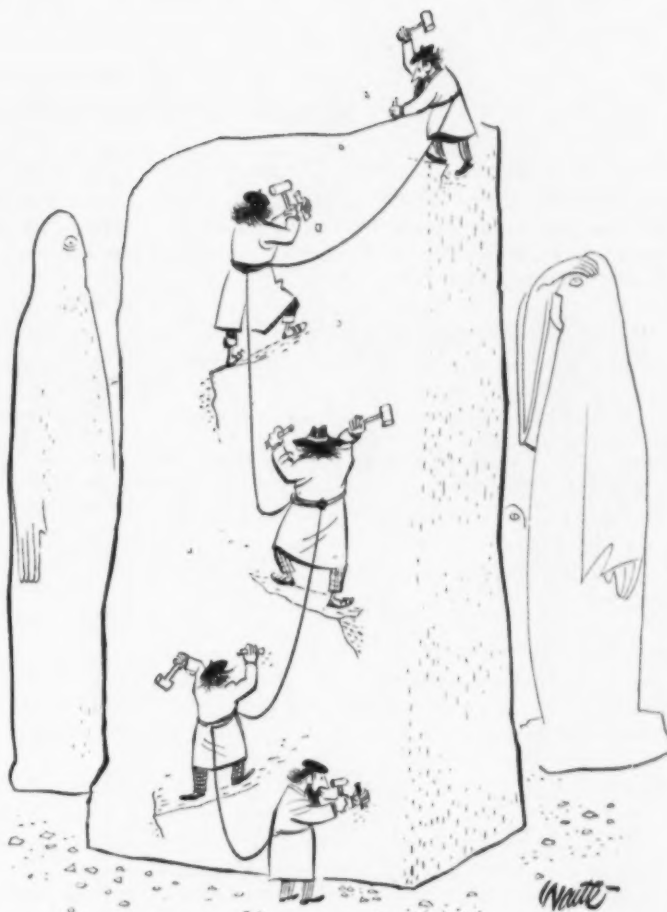


Justice Rowlatt, made some sensible recommendations. All book-makers were to be registered. Postal cash betting was to be made legal—to provide an alternative to street betting and to enable the Street Betting Act to be effectively enforced. But they were against the football pools. All three Football Associations (England, Scotland and Wales), “urged strongly that steps should be taken to suppress football coupon betting altogether.” The Scottish Football Association, we regret to say, gave details of several cases in which professional footballers had been bribed, or attempts had been made to bribe them, by bookmakers with the object of securing that a match should be decided in a certain way. They also painted horrid pictures of rowdiness and hostility to players and referee which “could be traced to a game going contrary to the result commonly predicted by those who had filled in coupons.” But calm yourself, my lord bishop: no such evidence came from England and Wales.

Nine of the twelve Commissioners were not much moved by the menace to football, nor, it seems, by some evidence that football coupon betting makes a special appeal to the young. They declined, therefore, to single out football as an “unbetttable” affair. But they were impressed by the possibility of fraud in any form of office pool, or, as they described it, “*pari-mutuel* operations.” “There are football combinations businesses run on the *pari-mutuel* principle, in which the bookmaker apparently makes no pretence of informing the backer of the amount of the deduction for expenses made from the pools” (paragraph 320). And “Where there is no occasion to reveal to backers the details of the pools before the race is run, and calculations can be made at leisure after the result is known the opportunities for fraud are considerable” (paragraph 322).

They therefore recommended, in 1933, that *all* office totalizator or *pari-mutuel* betting should be prohibited.

That Royal Commission had better fortune than most, for in



1934 the Government—wonder of wonders!—introduced a Bill. This measure, the Betting and Lotteries Act 1934, carried some of the Commission's suggestions into law, but was chiefly concerned with betting “on the course” and lotteries. It feebly left the cash *versus* credit nonsense intact: but boldly adopted the proposal to prohibit all off-the-course betting on the *pari-mutuel* or pool principle. About this there was a real rough row in the House of Commons: and His Majesty's Government, for the first time, was made to feel the power of the Pools. “The clause,” we read, “incurred such criticism that it was thought to endanger the passage of the Bill. The Government therefore decided to concede the continuance of office pool betting in the forms in which it was then lawfully conducted! It was announced during the Second

Reading of the Bill in the Lords that amendments to this effect would be offered in Committee.” And it was so. The Pools remained.

During the debate on the Act of 1934 the Government agreed to consider any Private Member's Bill which might be promoted to give effect to the Royal Commission's proposals. In 1936 the late Mr. R. J. Russell presented a Betting (No. 1) Bill. It was to prohibit all forms of *pari-mutuel* operations, but was aimed especially at the football pools. Mr. Russell's Bill was rejected, on a “free” vote, by 287 votes to 24. A. P. H.

“Ottawa offered security in employment with 67,628 of the 82,156 wage-earners reporting they were employed more than 52 weeks in the year.”
Ottawa Journal

Boy, that *is* security.

NOTES FROM EVERYWHERE

From the Acting Resident Magistrate, Chicane Group, Antarctica, to Police Constable Rose

WHO has put up that tool-shed at the bottom of my garden? It spoils the view of the penguins. Please investigate and report.

P.C. Rose to Acting Resident Magistrate

It never rains but it pours. While keeping observation on tool-shed as instructed my attention was drawn to a noise of hammering to the north-east. I proceeded thence and surprised two Bolivians in the act of building a small wooden lighthouse or such. Believing same to be unauthorized I cautioned them and returned to my post. I am to add that the lighthouse is fifteen foot six round the hem, if you follow, sir, but is too high for me to measure upwards and getting higher all the time.

Acting Resident Magistrate to P.C. Rose

Never mind the measurements, man. Get it moved. And find out why a party of Nicaraguans are mixing concrete under my bedroom window from morning to night. Thence should be thither—a small point but this is no time for slackness.

P.C. Rose to Acting Resident Magistrate

I am beyond the end of my tether, sir, and that's a fact, what with huts going up all round the moment my back's turned and no sooner got the tool-shed pushed over and chased a couple of Portuguese-type squatters out of it until blown than up comes an unauthorized frigate or thereabouts which I told to sloop off in short order, but could do no more being outnumbered. I took down telescopes and similar celestial fiddle-faddle being unloaded in my notebook and returned to H.Q. only to find Paraguay chalked on my back wall. Fancy!

Acting Resident Magistrate to H.E. the Governor, Awkward Islands

Have the honour to report am now completely hemmed in by unauthorized huts, cabins, meteorological bases, observatories, etc. Unwarranted Brazilian scientists have infringed Crown penguins by writing "Up the Amazon" and similar slogans on their chests. Informed them this insult could only be wiped out with blood, but in order to avoid exacerbating situation have decided to try soap and petrol as temporary measure. Revolution broke out in Peruvian quarter this A.M., but was suppressed too soon to relieve position significantly. Urgently request auxiliary P.C., axes, scrubbing-out materials, etc. Rose has got Peru off my doorstep but cannot cope with "Patagonia for the Patagonians" done in red right across the cricket field. Prestige is at stake.

Above to above

Add to previous message. Just caught small Venezuelan electrician and painted him green as counter-measure. But situation remains serious.

H.E. the Governor, Awkward Islands, to Secretary of State for the Colonies

I have the honour to advise you that old Freddie is in a stew again down in the Chicane Group, as per enclosed reports. Have endeavoured to lend him my personal support but could not get ashore owing to pressure of gunboats from Ecuador, etc., alongside jetty. He is pretty well huttled up to the eyebrows. Could you strengthen my hand with show of force? A couple of cruisers, and all these gentry would fold their tents like the Baudouin and silently steal away. Or does H.M.G. contemplate relinquishing sovereignty, whale-oil, etc.?

Above to above

My last. For Baudouin read Bedouin and avoid exacerbating situation in Europe, Islam, etc.

P.M. to Foreign Secretary

This is very tiresome. Pray tell the Governor that the word should be "Arabs." He may as well be accurate, in view of the probability that it will fall to him to scribble retaliatory slogans up and down the South American littoral. And pray let me have this minute back; I shall want it for Vol. XII.

Secretary of State for the Colonies to H.E. the Governor

Hold on. H.M. Government will in no circumstances consider evacuating Awkward Islands or Dependencies in view of anticipated heavy demands on shipping to get us out of Sudan, Suez, etc. One thing at a time, old boy. Exceptionally emphatic protests have been dispatched this day to all South American states, copy to Costa Rica and Panama. Meanwhile tell Freddie to press on with policy of dehutification, and watch your quotes.

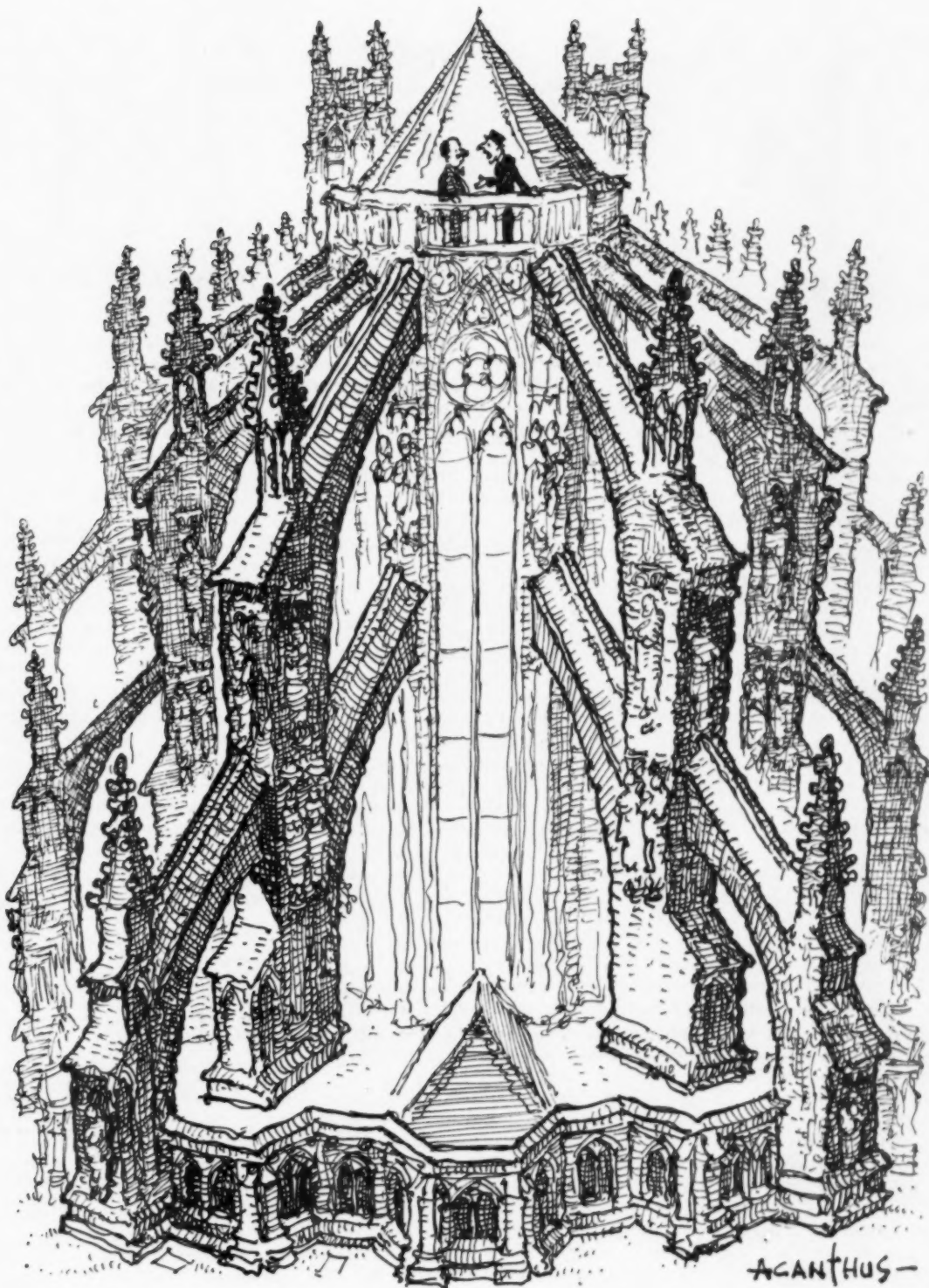
H.E. the Governor to Acting Resident Magistrate

Government will support you in any action you see fit to take, provided it causes no trouble. Have you a Longfellow you can spare?

Acting Resident Magistrate to H.E. the Governor

Much cheered by your timely and generous message. Rose reports no one here answers to Longfellow, but have thirty-six Manuels, eleven Joséas, nine Fernandezes, several Ramons, and an Ignacio Alejandro Guillermo. Gladly spare the lot.

H. F. ELLIS



"You'd never think this cathedral is supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions."



MUM'S THE WORD

"I'VE come up to talk to you," my mother said, "while you're getting ready. Who's going to be at the party?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Will you enjoy it?" my mother asked.

"I hope so," I said.

"You've only got fifteen minutes," my mother said.

"Yes, I know."

"Can I help you?" my mother asked.

"No, thanks awfully," I said.

"Will Betty be there?"

"No," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because the people giving the party don't know her."

"That's funny," my mother said. "I wonder why they don't. Isn't that funny, their not knowing her?"

"Why?"

"Well, because it is," my mother said. "Why don't you introduce her to them? They'd like her. I've always liked Betty. I was telling your father the other day that I've always liked Betty. What are you rubbing on?"

"Foundation cream," I said.

"I'm glad I don't have to do all that," my mother said.

"You use powder."

"I don't bother with all that other old rubbish," my mother said. "My powder only blows off, anyway. I like that dress. It suits you. It doesn't make you look old and haggard like some of the things you wear. That bracelet you gave me

for Christmas goes well with it too, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said.

"What on earth are you doing to your hair?" my mother asked.

"Putting it on top."

"Oh, I don't like that," my mother said. "Why are you doing it like that?"

"I like it."

"Your father won't like it," my mother said. "Good heavens, your stockings are transparent."

"Yes."

"What's the good of wearing transparent stockings if your legs are blue?" my mother asked. "Are you going to wear your boots and take your shoes with you in a bag?"

"No," I said.

"You've only got five minutes now," my mother said.

"Yes, I know."

"Will Sammy be there?" my mother asked.

"I think so."

"Oh good," my mother said. "I hope you'll be nice and polite to him. You will, won't you?"

"Yes."

"Yes, try," my mother said. "Would you like him to come to tea?"

"No."

"Oh, all right," my mother said. "But I think you're very silly, that's all. I remember I didn't really like your father very much when I first met him, but you won't take any notice of anything I can say. Can you walk in those shoes?"

"Yes."

"You're going to be late, aren't you?" my mother said.

"Yes."

"Oh!" my mother cried.

"You're not wearing your vest! Here's your vest! Why have you taken it off? Why aren't you wearing your vest?"

"Because I'm not going to," I said.

"Wear a cardigan then," my mother said.

"No," I said.

"You'll be sorry," my mother said, "when the others are all enjoying themselves and you're huddled over the fire with your teeth chattering and a red nose and mauve hands. Sammy won't find that attractive."

"I'm ready now," I said. "Good-bye."

"I'll put your hot-water bottle in," my mother said. "Enjoy yourself. Good-bye."

MARJORIE RIDDELL

5 5

"An application for a separation order . . . was dismissed by Newport Magistrates after a hearing of about six hours. Allegations of cruelty, desertion and wilful neglect to maintain were not proved.

Major J. Ken Wood (Messrs. Hornby, Baker Jones and Wood) appeared for the wife. Mr. Charles Pitchford (instructed by Messrs. Lloyd and Pratt) appeared for the husband.

The accompanists were Mesdames Winnie Richards-Thomas and Mair Watkins and Mr. Mostyn H. Williams,"

South Wales Argus

They seem to have achieved some kind of harmony.



FOR THIS RELIEF

WHY it should be disconcerting to be given ninety thousand
 Is open to consideration: but disconcerted we were.
 One hadn't, somehow, assumed that the Kremlin cared about
 Canvey;
 One hadn't (to be honest) supposed there was any Red
 Cross there,
 Or imagined the Ukraine moujiks pooling their few roubles
 To help a bunch of bourgeois the sea had bundled out:
 It was like being given a cigar by a casual caller at the office—
 One's pleasure in the fact was damped by doubts of what it
 was about.

Everyone was very decent. There were pictures in all the
 papers
 Of Churchill and Gromyko (like boxers embarking on
 fifteen rounds)
 Smiling and measuring each other. There were hopeful,
 dignified leaders
 About sympathy with human suffering overstepping
 political bounds.
 And one couldn't in reason see how the gift or its
 acceptance
 Could weaken Western unity or contribute to the cold
 war:
 And we needed every penny, wherever the money came from,
 And ninety thousand is a lot not to be grateful for.

All the same, there were doubts. We could somehow neither
 refuse it
 Nor take it at its face value. We could only accept it, and
 long,
 Desperately long, to believe there was goodwill somewhere
 behind it.
 The urge to be unanalytical about it was curiously strong:
 The need for sympathy was almost greater than the need for
 the assistance,
 So that we suspended judgment, waiting for a further sign,
 Or hoped that the virtue of the act would somehow sanctify
 the motive,
 Laying up treasures in a heaven repugnant to the party line.

P. M. HUBBARD



NOTIONAL MAN

"YOU'VE a button on your shoulder," I wanted to exclaim to the old gentleman ahead. It clung, this quite ordinary button, a little below the left shoulder, just alighted; so I might have accepted it (buttons being, one knows, liable to the tropisms of fashion), if I hadn't been mounting the steps to an Inventions Exhibition. This button must serve a purpose. Too big for a hat string, possibly it might loop umbrella or galoshes? But at once, in the thick of ingenuities well-labelled, its surprise dwindled.

The Central Hall, Westminster, recently domiciled this Modern Inventions and New Ideas Exhibition. Mark the two categories. New ideas, supernal ideas, ever beset and festooned the inventor's path. There have been, to recall a few, Lenormand's trackless train for roving the countryside; Sir George Sitwell's wasp gun; the biplane (with pilot's swivel seat), reversible in mid-air; the dog-and-

hare cart, on the principle of the donkey's carrot, with a brace of greyhounds straining after a stuffed hare; and that silk draught-tube to the moon for which, a couple of years ago, a young Chinaman was busy collecting ten million dollars—granted this, he hoped with another ten millions to realize the return shaft.

Such contrivances aren't easily containable, and at the Central Hall one whiffs them no more. Mars Rockets and the dear old Channel Tunnel, Fog Dispersers and Space Platforms, Time Machines and Perpetual Motion; these must wait. For the moment—noses to grindstone!—we are asked to apply ourselves to perfectibility of living, to the practical man.

Have we dawdled along for years, satisfied—well, perhaps not satisfied—with cold draining-boards? Now is the time to envisage them warm, and guaranteed free from electric shock. Washing up would then dispense with its adjunct of drying. Husbands, smilingly clubbed together, weren't slow to take the point: the *second* pair of hands released to fill a pipe or prop *The Times* by the fire. This was counter-revolution.

Other domestic problems, which till then may hardly have presented themselves as problems, were as nicely resolved. The self-feeding brush (surely to be *fountain-brush*!), if a little heavy in hand, should sweeten the hours for those who spend week-ends on a ladder. Gone for ever is the splutter of boot-polish, thanks to the smooth moderation of a new polish dispenser. You may sit while you iron, and even open a deck-chair in one movement, not necessarily fatal. For Coronation Day it won't at all matter that you have arranged no place: your pocketable canvas seat, with back but no legs, will perch anywhere.

Then folding rowlocks are the answer to somebody's prayer, and those having dipsticks to wipe will find here a dipstick wiper.

What else? Hexagonal chess, the smallest tube in the world (may one call her Phyllis?), hand signals for cyclists, and inevitably, once more opening and shutting, the perfect bed-settee for a guest.

Unquestionably a brighter world presents itself inside the Central Hall than out of it. Yet the more I walked round, pausing to make fresh discoveries—here's a mechanical secretary to answer the 'phone and take messages—the wider yawned the gulf between others' ingenuity and my need. What had I, sneakingly, hoped for? Well, as a start:

The sky-café, a balloon-floated terrace, for enjoying the sun on wet days; cigarettometer, for fiends; truth machine, operating a gong, for political platforms; after-dinner silencer—one points this, presumably in the shape of a newly-lit cigar, at the speaker, who lifts his hand to his heart, bows, and sits down, all in ten seconds; and, of course, unflammable aeroplanes, air sweeteners, reassurance (fewer alarm) clocks, and all that makes for peace and quiet in a dangerous world.

Charm should match usefulness. Already I saw stepping my practical dandy, or notional man. His hat would be an unobtrusive but well-ventilated greenhouse for the hair; he would sport a check waistcoat, thermostatically warmed or cooled; inflations would ease his sitting down, and ankle-tapes to the trousers exclude draughts; spring-heeled shoes, a tie-pin throwing its searchlight on door numbers and City Prices, might complete the picture.

Oh, I'd almost forgotten the walking-stick! This would comprise sword and seat, umbrella, paper-spike, extensible ladder, cigar lighter, hammer head, and perhaps music-stand and lute . . . If necessity is the mother, the White Knight must be the father, of invention.

Here comes my old man, hugely enjoying himself, with the button. What can it be there for? Airing a kite? Tethering monkeys? But I won't ask. That button may be his *nailed sixpence*, to catch a stranger.

G. W. STONIER



DUMB ANIMAL

THE spaniel is delighted when she sees
Her master choose a stick to take a walk,
Curvets and barks around him, to express
Her boundless thanks, in substitute for talk.

Adventure dazzles just beyond the gate:
The rabbit-hole, the badger-sett, the hare's
Light form pressed in the grass intoxicate
A nose that's buried deep in man's affairs.

We surely do not pause enough to think
How odd this need of shoe beside a paw,
And all too easily accept a link
Just as obscure as Newton's apple-law.

How could we blink our huge disparities
If vain conceit had fuddled not our sense?
Dumb she may be, but by her flatteries
Scores every time from *Homo Sapiens*:

With what an air of being versed in it
She sits beside her chauffeur in the car
Surveying gears and gauges, not a bit
Perplexed because machines are what they are.

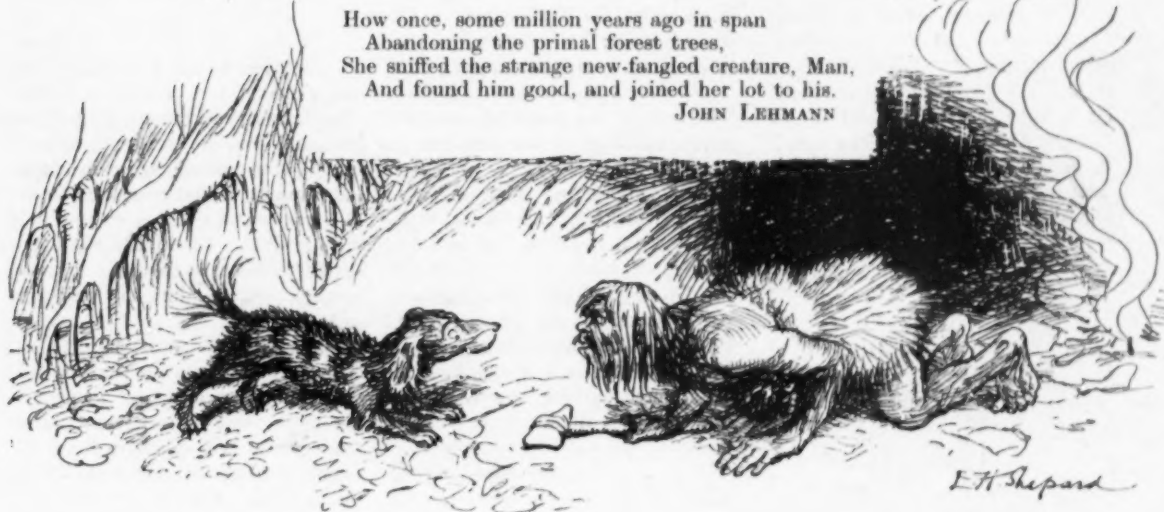
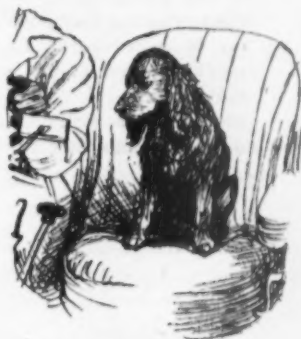
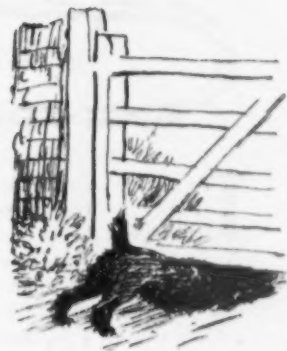
So we forget that she, though Satan burns,
Is quite unwitting of our Eden's loss,
Has most immodest sexual concerns
And knows no guilt except when Master's cross,

That there's no schooling in her doting looks,
And all her ancestors are powerless
To warn or wheedle from the history books,
No psalmists weep, and no Messiahs bless;

And yet the past its pattern also weaves,
Inscrutably, for her who every night
Rucks up her blanket like a bed of leaves,
Reminding by this seeming pointless rite

How once, some million years ago in span
Abandoning the primal forest trees,
She sniffed the strange new-fangled creature, Man,
And found him good, and joined her lot to his.

JOHN LEHMANN



E.H. Shepard

A WORD OF THANKS

IT would be regrettable if Mr. Harvey, the open-handed sausage-maker of Hampton Court, should dismiss the whole race of British newsmen as mannerless ingrates; yet after throwing aside last week's papers and sitting, a hurt look in his eyes, in his bower of secret-formula chipolatas, he may well have done so. For scarcely one of them reported the entertainment enjoyed at his expense by ladies and gentlemen of the Press, on a glorious springlike morning in a famous Bond Street night-club.

*"When-you-come . . . down-the-stairs,
Dance the Sausage Sam-ba,"*

sang the band, in flounced silk shirts, to the insidious rattle of gourds—

*"You forget-your . . . breakfast-cares
With the Sausage Sam-ba . . ."*

All was gaiety. Girls danced, some wearing uncooked sausages as necklets, stoles and Juliet caps. The arc-lights blazed brilliantly, putting to shame the scarlet sconces and chandeliers. There were sausages by the hundredweight. Coffee was brought by an Oriental in a yellow sash. You could have as much as you could eat and drink.

And what did *The Times* say, next morning? "DANGERS OF DELAY OVER EUROPEAN ARMY. DR. ADENAUER'S WARNING OF 'TRAGIC DISPARITY' IN STRENGTH." It wasn't good enough. I hope to restore Mr. Harvey's faith in the fair-mindedness of the Press.



I arrived, from common politeness, a few minutes after nine-thirty, the time mentioned in the invitation "to Witness a Preview and Enjoy a Breakfast of The New Sausage." One did not wish to appear over-eager. I was the one. The rest of Fleet Street, some seventy or eighty strong, was there already, dropping ash on the rich carpets, reaching for the salted nuts, carrying unread Press handouts and asking each other when the eating started. Placards conveying Mr. Harvey's welcome to his guests went unregarded. When the band burst into a sudden calypso, full in the ear of a well-groomed newsman with the faint stamp of a society editor, he merely raised his voice a little and went on talking.

*"They're workin' for the Yan-kee
dol-laaaaa,"*

bawled the band, brandishing maraccas and dipping rhythmically at the knees. They couldn't play the Sausage Samba all the time.

*"Oh, they're workin' for the Yan-kee
dol-laaaaa!"*

and the well-groomed man said, taking a handful of nuts and glancing at his wrist-watch in the same gesture: "Of course, if you've never actually lived in Majorca . . ."

Certainly the meal was a little late, because the waiter who had the key to the kitchen had forgotten to wake up; but a proper announcement was made by a neat official in a dinner-jacket; and at least, when it started, it was free, and hot, and you could have as much as you liked, to say nothing of small brown-paper parcels to carry away. And the band was as loud as anyone could wish, even if it did do a bit of advertising for the club—on Mr. Harvey's time:

*"Oh, the Lon-don rum is not-so strong,
But here at —'s you can't-go
wrong . . ."*

It seemed to me that Mr. Harvey was getting a raw deal all round. It was a mistake, perhaps, for him not to be there in person, going from table to table, making friends and influencing people. As it was, no one went from table to table except the waiters (several of whom had shaved, even at that hour), the TV film cameraman trying to get some deft guest to twist a pound of sausages into a crown for the Sausage Queen—a pretty brunette, but the head that wore the crown was uneasy under the scorching arc-lights—and a girl with a plateful of breakfast who kept saying fretfully: "They told me to hang on to this, but don't you think I could eat it now?" On this no one would give a ruling.

Many of my colleagues, I report with disgust, didn't stay for the crowning, nor for the dancing. Just for the food. The band yelled coaxingly,

*"Now-give . . . thanks-to . . . Mis-ter
Harvey,
Take-a knife and . . . start
to-carvey . . ."*

and what did my colleagues do? They took their knives and started to carvey, all right; but did they give thanks, when they returned to their desks, to Mr. Harvey? They did not. What did the *Daily Worker* have in its main news spot? "GERM WAR," it had. "GENERAL CLARK'S ADMISSION."

* * * * *

I stayed to the end. It seemed the decent thing. I stayed until all the dancers had danced themselves out, and even the cloakroom attendant, an impressive figure in chocolate and gold, had explained to the TV cameraman that it was no part of his duties to do the samba, a forked sausage in each hand, at ten o'clock on a glorious springlike morning.

And I want you to know, Mr. Harvey, that I wouldn't have missed it. Forget those other ungrateful hacks. Put aside your bitter thoughts. One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard; one faithful harp shall praise thee.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

RITE AS U SPEKE

"AND the xxj day of the same moneth the Queen com to london. And the xxiiij day of the same moneth she was corouned atte Westmynster. And whan the solempnyte was done in the Chirche she was brought full worthely thurgh the paleys into the grete halle."

This, according to *The Great Chronicle of London*, was what happened to Quene Kateryne, the wife of Henry V, in Feverere, 1420, and if anybody can think of a more ingenious way of spelling solemnity, I should like to hear about it. What I don't understand about this phonetic spelling is how on earth we know what fonettic spellynge ort to be. We are told that the child will first write down a sentence in the way that he pronounces it, and afterwards be told how it ought to be spelt, and as an example we are given the word "wun." But why should the child write down wun for one? If he comes from the North-country, he will do nothing of the sort. If wun lives in the North-country, and writes fonetticly, wun will write down one as wan. At least that is as near as I can get to it. Mr. Alistair Cooke pointed out in a broadcast that America pronounces glass and grass with a short *a* and that the broad *a* is a later affectation in England, due to eighteenth-century travels in Italy. But the North of England still pronounces glass and grass with a short *a*. Another good example is dance. The child from the North-country, having been told to spell dance funeticerly will presumably write down dance and get whacked for it, because he ought to have written down darnse or dahnse or dense.

But this is a mere fringe of the foolery. Cockney is the real riot. Mr. Julian Franklyn, writing on this subject in a recent book, says that he passed a public elementary school and heard a class of London children chorusing the alphabet. They began:

"I, Ber-ee, Ser-ee, Der-ee, Er-ee, Aff, Jer-ee, Iche, Awy, Ji, Ki, Al, Am, An, Ow . . ."

Obviously, if these children were told to write down a sentence fnettyckly the N.S.P.C.C. would have something to say about it.

The main rule for pronouncing Cockney is said to be to shut the mouth and stick out the lower jor. The nearest Mr. Franklyn can get to writing wun kind of Cockney (for there are several kinds) is to substitute for "Every Tuesday Tom's time for tea changes, so I set the table for two o'clock," the rather bewildering statement: "Every Tsuesday Tsom's tsoime feh tsea changes, so oi sets the tsabile feh tsew o'clock."

On the other hand, if you are a Shropshire lad (according to Dr. A. J. Ellis, although the poets have failed to mention it), the words "I heard a shriek, ma'am, and I ran and there I seed Frank had pitched in the brook" are realistically rendered "Ei ceurd u shreik, mum, un ei run un dheeur ei sid Frangk ud pekt i dhu bruk."

After which, no doubt, the teacher would commit

murder and be hanged at 8 A.M. in Shrewsbury jale.

Returning for a moment to the fifteenth century, we may notice that when Quene Kateryne satt in hyr astate at the Coronation Banquet, the Erchebyssshop of Caunterbury and Bysshop of Wynchestre satten on her right side, and the Erle Marchall kneling upon the same deys on the lyfte side of the Quene helde a nother Ceptre up right of ye Quenes—which must have made it very difficult for the poor Erle to ete. The twenty-fourth day of Feverere being in Lent, they had nothing to ete but fish, which I am glad to see included Samon fressh, Wylks, Turbut, Breme, Shrympes, Trought, Congre, Porpeys, and Lopsters.

Perhaps wun would do better to go back to this free and easy spelling of the Middle Ages and long afterwards, letting every child express himself throughout life in his own charming personal way, instead of awl this dreery rooteen. Hookunsay? But don't let us make a fuss about teaching it. For wot is the yous of attending to rite fonettic spelling, when yors may be totally diffrent from myne? EVOR

"No tree is quite so hospitable to insects as well as to numbers of birds and mammals. You may find pheasants underneath them filling their crops (up to seventeen at a time) . . ."—*Nature* article in *The Observer*

In rotation, naturally.



"Keeping up this pretence day
after day is getting on my nerves."



"I must say cruising isn't quite the carefree holiday that they led me to expect."

LAPWINGS

In the hard winter of 1947 lapwings migrating from England to Southern Ireland missed their landfall, a disaster which greatly diminished their number before the survivors made Newfoundland. They are now increasing again.

THE hooded crow will keep watch from the oak
with Arctic speculation in his eyes;
swifter to lunge than a snake's poison-stroke
the weasel across their breeding-grounds will weave
invisible subtle meshes to surprise
the gaping fledgling in the nest; magpies
alike by all birds hated,
implacable destroyers although sated
will hunt their young; and, hardest to deceive,
Man, with the wit to see in the pretence
of the maimed, trailing wing the evidence
of what four pointed eggs may be the proof,
Man too will seek a feast;
and if Man, Bird, and Beast
fail in their search, what of the stumbling hoof
of blind and not-to-be-distracted Chance?

The lapwings know these terrors. In their dance
they counterfeit upon the fields of air
peril and its evasion. See them glance
their wings across the eyes of Danger, feign
that they are stricken in flight—O headlong fall—
stumble and tumble and recover again.

Pursuing or pursued they simulate—
of any three of them, which two will pair?

You only know that mate they will. Their call
is wild with joy, as wild their blood with rapture.
Wing-beat by wing-beat shift escape and capture
as they equivocate
with gravity.

They feint and sham with such swift artistry
because at every start and turn and move
they learn the stratagems of life from love.

R. C. SCRIVEN



AS an embarrassment to the all-wise posture which people prefer to believe all editors affect, plagiarism is one of the merrier forms of larceny. If it shows up its practitioner as a thief, or an ignoramus, or a nut, the joke usually remains on the editor whom he deceived—much as if the plagiarist had scored on the editor with a trick cigar or dropped a bag of water on him from a college dormitory window. With so genial an attitude prevailing, the wonder is that plagiarism is so infrequent, and two recent examples of it seemed to whet the public appetite for more.

One case had to do with a novel about the Air Transport Command. "Position Unknown" was the title on the typescript which came through the mails to a Boston publishing house. A few final chapters were being completed, the author's letter explained, and these—after an encouraging response from the publisher—were duly delivered a couple of months later. The book was accepted, a contract was signed, a \$500 advance against royalties was sped to the author, one Robert E. Preyer, Jr., at his post office box address in Columbus, Ohio, and manufacture was begun. Into the publisher's spring catalogue went the blurb: "This headlong, drum-tight suspense novel about an Air Transport Command rescue will appeal to any reader who loves a rousing story. You are with Dooley and his four-man crew as the Corsair, storm-tossed and laden with ice, heads off its course into the uncharted wastes of Labrador—and

crashes on a frozen lake..." (An odd destination for a plane-load of ice, but no matter). March 16 was fixed as the publication date. All went smoothly until Virginia Kirkus, who operates an advisory service for booksellers and to whom all publishers send advance copies, began reading galley proofs of "Position Unknown." It reminded her of another book, *Island in the Sky*, by Ernest Kellogg Gann, which a New York publisher had brought out in 1944; Preyer, she soon found, had copied the Gann book verbatim.

"Position Unknown" was withdrawn from the Boston publisher's spring list, and Preyer's post office box proved to be the mailing address of the Ohio State Penitentiary, where he is serving a 15-year term for burglary. He had improved the

interval by getting \$100 more from the publisher on the grounds that he was a bit pressed for cash and, fired by his

success with "Position Unknown," he was hard at work on his second book and had already delivered its first four chapters to the eager—up to this point—publisher. (They were taken verbatim, it transpired, from another Air Force novel—a better one, according to the literary critics—*Valley of the Sky*, by Hobert Douglas Skidmore, which still another Boston house had published in 1944.) Part of the \$600 advance Preyer had used to buy a typewriter, and he had given the rest to his mother. "We became quite fond of Preyer in spite of this—ah—unfortunate business," the Boston publisher remarked, as the news stories died down. "We were all greatly worried later on when the riots broke out in the prison at Columbus, but we learned that he came through without injury. The publicity of course was most useful. We've been under a regular avalanche of manuscripts ever since..."

Even more diverting was the outcome of the national essay contest

sponsored by the National Association of Real Estate Boards, one of the more formidable lobbying organizations in Washington. A free trip to Washington and various other prizes were offered for the best paper on "What the Bill of Rights Means to Me," and a seventeen-year-old high school girl in Muskogee, Oklahoma, a bride of three weeks, was adjudged the winner over 17,000 other contestants. On arriving in Washington, she read her essay at the annual dinner of the Association; she was to lunch the next day—as any winner of a contest sponsored by a big enough Washington lobby is entitled, *ex officio*, to do—with the Vice-President. She was scheduled, also, to record a broadcast of the essay for the Voice of America. But one of the dinner guests complained of a slight tinge of the ringer in the prize-winning essay. Followed a mournful announcement from the Association: a "considerable part" of the essay had been taken from a magazine article published in 1948. "Due to a misunderstanding," the announcement continued, "the contestant was under the impression that assembly of available material would constitute an appropriate entry in the contest. Washington appointments have been canceled."

The Oklahoma delegation in Congress were less mealy-mouthed in defending their constituent. Their plans to fête her were not disturbed in the least. There was nothing in the contest rules, argued Representative Ed Edmondson, "concerning originality or barring the use of material from other sources."

"She won the contest fair and square according to the rules," said Senator Robert S. Kerr, Oklahoma Democrat. "I was in her corner yesterday and I'm still in her corner to-day."

* * *

It is only rarely that a judge on the bench will square off against the American press and make an issue of how a case in his court shall be treated in the news columns. Most judges possess the authority to



interfere with the improper treatment of a case *sub judice*, but there are so many jurisdictions in the federal-state-local system, so many regional variations of custom and procedure, and so many kinds of judges—ranging from the gallus-snapping J.P. of the roadside court to the robed career men with life tenure of office—that anything like a uniform standard of court reporting by the press is out of the question. Public opinion, in these circumstances, would usually support the press rather than the judge; the broad attitude is that we're better off, even when the press does overdo the job or let its fancy run too freely, than we would be by a more complete deference to the niceties of journalism as conceived by one judge or another. In general, the more highly placed and experienced the judge, the greater his reluctance to challenge the press, and the coverage of a really spectacular criminal case becomes something to raise the hair of one schooled in British methods. At the early stages of the case, the affairs of any "suspect" are explored with considerable flexibility. If an arrest is made, the references become more precise, and "Police said . . ." will suffice for

almost any account of who did what, when, where, and why. If an indictment is sought, the press will report as much of the prosecutor's case as he chooses to divulge; if a witness happens to feel talkative about what he has just told a Grand Jury, Page One is at the reporter's disposal. By the time the trial itself begins there is hardly a pinfeather of the case left to support a headline.

All this may help to explain to British readers why there was such an out-and-out rumpus when the judge's decision to exclude press and

public from the Jelke case threatened to deprive the newspapers of their richest haul since such great circulation-builders of the past as the "Peaches" Heenan—"Daddy" Browning affair or the Stillman Divorce. One might have thought that, unimpeded by a record, the coverage via the corridors would have become even racier than usual, but it proved to be otherwise. "She's already given fifty names," one managing editor complained, "and we've only got four of them."

CHARLES W. MORTON

QUIET TOWN

STAND in the High Street of this little town.
You will hear silence, and a clock strike two;
You will observe a cyclist coasting down,
And someone leaning, looking at the view.
No Sunday this, but Sunday peace prevails;
This little town holds peace within its heart,
Knows London goings-on for travellers' tales,
Walks leisure's path and shuns the busy mart.
See, on these empty pavements there is room
To saunter, and to pause the shops before;
To notice with a sudden sense of doom
The placard on the ironmonger's door.
Stand in this dratted High Street when you may;
Remember Thursday's early-closing day.

ANDE



"It looks exactly like the Atlantic."

THE ELECTRIC DEAN

LONDON'S last glimpse of the Dean of Canterbury before his embarkation for foreign parts was at the Harringay Stadium rally convened to celebrate the twenty-third birthday of the *Daily Worker*. It was not a very gay occasion.

Dr. Hewlett Johnson, who, despite his canonicals, strangely resembles a stand-in for Mr. Alistair Sim, sat among the elect on the platform—M. Florimond Bonté of Paris, Mr. Palme Dutt, the stalwart Mr. Pollitt. But somehow the proceedings never contrived to be anything but lacklustre. One hoped vainly that someone would set off the electric hare, used to inveigle the greyhounds on less solemn occasions, as a *divertissement*.

The crowd was well-dressed, respectable—and resigned. Red berets here and there could not offset the fact that it resembled a typically bourgeois gathering. Not for them the classical cap and scarf of the orthodox comrade. Rather it was the normal Sunday best of "Mon Repos" and "The Laburnums" that was in evidence.

Dr. Johnson, when his turn came to speak, did his best. But he seemed, if anything, to deepen the sense of general depression. Although he was notably confident, and bore himself with all the poise of the old stager certain that he has the house with him from the start, the applause remained obstinately sparse. Dr. Johnson, who stoops slightly—the result, doubtless, of years of bending over a hot pulpit—is one of those figures whose visual characteristics are so marked that you cannot help wondering which came first, the man or the caricature.

As the *Daily Worker* aptly put it in its next day's report, "the Dean plunged straight into his theme." He did indeed—and soon had most of the crowd rather baffled by a string of observations designed to prove the heaven-on-earth that can be the worker's lot in the trans-Curtain lands. One such anecdote had to do with a filling meal consumed by the Dean while he was

visiting People's China. At its conclusion, said the Dean, he produced the equivalent of ninepence—only to be handed back a penny ha'penny in change by the smiling Communist cashier.

The Dean's voice is not an attractive organ. There is an oleaginous touch to it, reminiscent of the comic clergyman of outmoded farce. He gestures almost incessantly as he speaks—big, round voluminous gestures, of such vehemence that one could almost imagine him in training for an attempt to swim the Channel. The Dean, who once in the long-ago won a prize for geology, finally struck pay-dirt, so far as the Harringay fans were concerned, with a storming finish in which he pointed out—not, one suspected, for the first time—that while America's atomic efforts are intended only for destruction, those of the U.S.S.R. are as non-malevolent as a tin of cut-rate caviar.

One also suspects that even the most naïve of the comrades must by now have been seized by the uneasy suspicion that the Dean does not do their cause a great deal of good. Perhaps it was coincidence, but next day's *Worker* relegated him,

in its account of the rally, to the position of low man on the Red totem pole. Mr. Pollitt it was who "led" the paper, and his speech merited a full column. Monsieur Bonté came next. Then the paper's own editor. Bringing up the rear—and on the back page at that—was the good Dean.

Mr. Pollitt, inadvertently no doubt, showed up the sterility of the contemporary Communist appeal by pitching his speech on the purely negative theme of "hate America." It is a measure of the mismanagement among Britain's Reds that they have failed to muddy the waters where the British civilian population and the "American occupying forces" are concerned. This could have been such an easy and a damaging line to pursue. But one feels that Mr. Pollitt (despite the fact that he has achieved, to mark the date of his sixty-third birthday, the eminence of a flattering likeness in the calendar distributed by Moscow's State Political Publishers) is one of those players who are born to drop sitters.

The evening must have seemed sadly lacking to most of those concerned. The scarcity of originality and wit, the trotting out of the same old cast—it must have sent the audience away frustrated and dejected anew. Most actors who play in long runs feel sooner or later that they must leave the cast for the sake of a change. One wonders whether the Dean and Mr. Pollitt do not, at times, privately crave something new. There must be moments when the sheer monotony of the lines that they are asked to speak must get them down. Even a temporary escape into the brief sanctuary of a pantomime might prove an admirable tonic for all concerned. The Dean impersonating the Widow Twankey. Mr. Pollitt as Dick Whittington. S. Palme Dutt as his Pussy Cat. M. Florimond Bonté as the Good Fairy—there are fascinating possibilities.

But perhaps their style might be cramped by a glimpse of the dimly discerned features of The Man peering upwards in mingled disappointment and reproof from the prompter's box.



Impressions of Parliament

Monday, February 23

Mr. GERALD NABARRO is perhaps (his booming bass voice notwithstanding) one of the gentlest Members on the Government side of the House of Commons, but he showed this afternoon that there is a sterner side to his character.

Fixing Sir ARTHUR SALTER, Minister of Materials, with a frosty, piercing gaze, Mr. Nabarro clearly intended to make Sir Arthur feel as if he were the Minister of *Im*-materials, for he invited him to follow the (literally) self-effacing example of Food Minister LLOYD-GEORGE and start abolishing himself—Ministerially speaking—controls and all. When the Minister ventured to say that he had *some* uses, his interrogator sharply ordered him to show a little enthusiasm and eagerness for his own end—"a worthy objective" he called it.

Just as Sir Arthur seemed almost persuaded that he never would be missed, Mr. SHINWELL jumped up and provided a new

surprise by urging him not to take any notice of his own side and, presumably, to go on holding office.

Mr. CHURCHILL announced that, as an exceptional measure in celebration of the Coronation, deserters from the Forces between September 3, 1939, and August 15, 1945, were to receive an amnesty. The House took the news very quietly.

Dr. HILL caused some speculation by announcing that the price of the new sausages (with meat in them) "will be determined by competition." Members did not realize for a moment that he meant that almost-forgotten thing *commercial* competition.

Before the House passed to the Steel Bill yet again, Mr. CHURCHILL, replying to Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, said he had asked Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko to call on him in Downing Street in order to convey to him personally the warmest thanks of the nation for the kindly gift from the Russian people of some £90,000 to the Flood Relief Fund. The statement—and the gift—were warmly cheered.

Their Lordships, with the resigned air their elected colleagues have worn over the centuries as *they* have considered the endless Transport Bill, considered it themselves. The proceedings were no brighter in the Gilded Chamber than in Another Place.

Tuesday, February 24

It was the spring day, beyond question, that was responsible for the snappy—if sometimes boisterous—gaiety of the proceedings in the Commons, and the slightly wistful talk of holidays.

Mr. HEAD, the War Minister, set the tone by promising nylon stockings for the WRAC. After that, Mr. DOUGLAS JAY raised the question of increasing the foreign currency allowance for holidays, but Mr. BUTLER said he had nothing to say. This reply brought Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, acting as Leader of the Opposition, into the fray with a demand for something a lot more specific—"seeing that the Prime



Minister has had a very nice holiday already"—and then a stern demand by Mr. GAITSKELL for "more courtesy."

Mr. BUTLER angrily retorted that he had no intention of being bullied or badgered by Mr. G., and that when he *said* he had nothing to say, he *meant* he had nothing to say.

When the House had recovered from this unexpected gust, Mr. CHURCHILL was asked whether an opinion expressed by Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, to the effect that "economic planning was all boloney," was authentic Government policy. He said he would want a good definition of the word "boloney" before giving a ruling.

Then the Steel Bill again . . .

In the Lords, Lord SIMON, with all the weight of a great lawyer, put forward a plea that "Neo-Nazis" under arrest in Germany be given the hitherto elementary right to see their counsel. This they had been denied by order of the Foreign Office, and Lord S. said bluntly that this seemed more typical of a totalitarian régime than of our own. Lord JOWITT reinforced the plea, but the Government's line was that an occupation force, like necessity, knew no law—or, at least, only its own—and so the order stays in force.

Wednesday, February 25

Major LLOYD-GEORGE added cream to the "free list," and it will be obtainable

House of Commons: without restric-
... With Cream tions from April 1
to the end of July.

The Prime Minister announced that it was not proposed to pass legislation authorizing necessary alterations in the Queen's Coronation Oath, which had already been altered five times in the course of the centuries, only once with Parliamentary sanction. No Commonwealth country had asked for legislation. Mr. ATTLEE said he, too, thought this was right.

As an indication that, even amidst the "great dangers impending" (as the Writ of Summons says) Parliament can still remember the little things, Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER announced the Treasury's decision that old age pensioners who lost their tobacco concession coupons in the recent floods could have new ones — after filling in a form, of course.

Then Sir EDWARD KEELING gained permission (by 172 votes to 149) to bring in a Bill to provide that, in the event of the death of the Speaker, the Chairman of Ways and Means should act as temporary Speaker. This proposal

the happily hale-and-heartly Mr. Speaker MORRISON put to the House amid a perfect gale of jovial mirth.

Then the talk was of unemployment and of the correct placing of industrial concerns on Britain's map.

Thursday, February 26

It says much for the British sense of justice that even the Cosh

Boys found de-

House of Commons:
The Cosh

Commons to-day

—not, be it added at once, that anyone approved their professional activities. There was fear by some that injustice might result from the fact that, in certain circumstances, the onus of proof might be transferred from prosecution to defence. But the Government's Bill making the mere carrying of offensive weapons in a public place a crime was approved, with only a few doubtful headshakes from lawyers.

Friday, February 27

The Commonz torked ov Nu
Speling al dai—but it is cleer that
the idea haz a

the idea has a

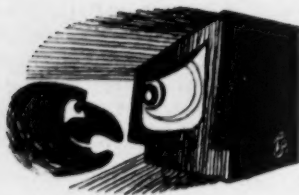
House of Commons: long wai to go
Nu Spelling

befor it catchez

on. However, a good time woz had
by orl. GUY EDEN

GUY EDEN





ON THE AIR

OUR postman is a cynic. Six months or so ago he informed me that he had become a ballet fan. "We sit there, the missus and I," he said, "and we 'as to laugh. It's the chaps more'n the girls—they've all got duck's disease! Fancy getting paid for bobbin' about like that! Honest, guv, they slay me!"

I am not quite sure what he meant by "duck's disease": he didn't elaborate the theme.

At that time our postman considered television "a bargain." He swallowed practically everything put before him—plays, documentaries, sport, serials, news, parlour games, the Television Toppers (TV's own competent team of chorus girls), talks, even the dismal string of film trailers or blurbs known as "Current Release." And of course—though for odd reasons—ballet. But like many other viewers he is now beginning to entertain second thoughts. The other day over a cup of tea (he is entitled to a *pourboire* after trudging up the hill) he suggested that "these TV sets ought to be sold subject to loss by evaporation," and explained that he and his missus had been shocked and disgusted by the steady deterioration in the programmes. "Did you ever see such stuff we bin gettin' lately! On my feet all day," he said, "and then I sits down nice and comfy to three quarters an hour all about lungs and dust!"

I said that I had found the programme—one of a series called "Matter of Medicine," wisely directed by Andrew Miller Jones—particularly instructive and absorbing.

"Instructive! We had enough of that surely during the war. Give me a good comic any day."

Now our postman is, I think, fairly typical of the millions of viewers who soon discover that television is subject to diminishing returns. A few months of rapt enthusiasm for the new toy are followed by an uneasy period of frustration and dubiety, which in turn is succeeded by open hostility and bitter criticism. Our postman is, of course, quite right to be dissatisfied with the fare offered him by Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove, but he must not be too impatient, and he ought, I think, to adjust his angle of criticism . . .

Although television keeps more people from radio than from the cinema it is most commonly compared with the latter. A dull evening of viewing is considered dull not because it is less entertaining than a session of sound radio but because it falls short of the standards set by the cinema. It is television's misfortune that its picture resembles the cinema screen far more than it does the loud-speaker of a radio set. So TV's "Café Continental" is compared unfavourably with some slick, mammoth and very costly musical concocted in Hollywood, instead of being compared favourably (very favourably, surely) with radio's Saturday night "Star Show." How far would our postman walk, d'you think, to a cinema advertising a two-hour programme made up of a newsreel, a film about dangerous dust, a documentary on Doncaster, a fifteen-minute patch of "Starlight"



"The amateur television centre in Kharkov, established two years ago, has begun installing TV sets at several propaganda centres." (Tass)

and an instalment of a serial about the war at sea? My guess is that wild horses wouldn't get him there. You might just as well ask him to leave his fireside for a News Theatre and its *mélange* of "shorts."

In its early days the cinema too experimented with short items—travelogues, "comics," serials, live stage pieces, organ recitals and short feature films. The idea was to provide something for everyone, and it failed. Soon it was realized that something for everybody meant boredom for the majority. So the cinema copied the theatre and switched over to "One Big Feature."

Must television in its turn emulate the cinema in order to satisfy our postman? At the moment he is prepared to suffer the entire programme for three or four days a week in the hope of finding an odd half-hour of real entertainment. But how long will this martyrdom last? Televiewing makes far greater demands on the household than sound radio: there is the seating to be arranged and re-arranged, the lighting to be fixed, and there must be no distractions. Televiewing is, in other words, a full-time job. It is easy enough to denounce the steady viewer as moronic, easy to suggest that the wise, discriminating viewer should select his fare with the care of the connoisseur of wines; but is half an hour of acceptable television really worth all the fuss and bother of domestic dislocation? Will fifteen minutes of Newsreel always keep our postman at home o' nights? I doubt it.

Some day the television service will have to decide whether its mixed snippets, inherited from sound radio (and decreed in America by the sponsoring system), can ever hope to add up to a satisfactory evening's viewing for all. Our postman, I know, has already made up his mind.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Local Coronation Committee Jumps the Gun

"WOMAN DRIVER FRIED AT LITTLEHAMPTON"

Evening Standard Stop Press item



At the Play

The Way of the World (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)—*Paint Your Wagon* (HER MAJESTY'S)

AS Congreve himself discovered—its reception drove him from the theatre for good—*The Way of the World* is a temperamental play. It contains some of the best light dialogue in the language, but its subtle fusions can escape even so sensitive a producer as Mr. JOHN GIELGUD. Taken to pieces, his production has much to be said for it; put together, it fails to make us free of the magic world of high comedy. The obvious criticism is a lack of any firm common denominator of taste.

The key to the play is *Millamant*. Miss PAMELA BROWN makes her an introspective with a private sense of humour, so that she always seems to be holding back to enjoy some secret joke of her own. It is never less than a clever performance, but it is not *Millamant*. And although Mr. GIELGUD remains a master of comic tactics he is a subdued and occasionally even a verbally uncertain *Mirabell*. Top marks go to Miss MARGARET RUTHERFORD, most happily cast as *Lady Wishfort*, whom she plays with enormous gusto in the grand manner, waving her jaw menacingly at her enemies and behaving like a splendidly padded windmill; very funny, and curiously touching. Miss PAULINE

JAMESON is also, one feels, very near Congreve in the wit and detachment of her *Mrs. Fainall*; nearer than Miss EILEEN HERLIE, whose *Mrs. Marwood* strikes a note sombre and sinister for such effervescent company. *Witwoud* and *Petulant* are made amusing by Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD and Mr. RICHARD WORDSWORTH, and Miss JESSIE EVANS scores characteristically as *Mrs. Foible*. Memorably dressed by Mr. JAMES BAILEY, the production is seldom more than a few points off course, but with this play that is enough to make the difference.

I must say I am heartily sick of the emotional frustrations of the American male, and especially when these are brought to my attention in song. During the last few years the makers of American musicals have exploited every imaginable contemporary situation in which uninhibited young morons can possibly find themselves sinking for want of female company. Some less shredbare subject seemed due for treatment. Now, however, we have turned in our tracks towards the past, and so I suppose are in for a series of lush studies of sex-starvation among the Crusaders and any other body of stranded men

that history may suggest. In *Paint Your Wagon* it is gold miners of a century ago who suffer, not at all prettily, these popular pangs, until they are soothed by a travelling cabaret of light ladies.

Congreve's comments on this adolescent and witless ferment



[*Paint Your Wagon*

Jennifer Rumson—

MISS SALLY ANN HOWES

would have been worth hearing. To my mind, *Paint Your Wagon* is saved from being utterly insupportable only by some really exciting dancing, arranged by Miss AGNES DE MILLE, dancing of such dynamic precision that it makes you breathless to watch it; by choruses rousingly sung; by Miss SALLY ANN HOWES, now a forceful leading lady, and Mr. KEN CANTRIL, a good conventional romantic hero; and—in a mild way—by the pathos of Mr. BOBBY HOWES. Collectors of purple moments will agree that even the heaven passage in "Carousel" has nothing on the scene here when a baby is passed tearfully among the champing males as a temporary palliative.

Recommended

The Deep Blue Sea (Duchess) is still the best play in London. A star cast makes more than it deserves of Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance* (Savoy), now shrewdly revised.

ERIC KEOWN



Mirabell—MR. JOHN GIELGUD

Mrs. Millamant—MISS PAMELA BROWN

[*The Way of the World*



At the Pictures

Rough Shoot—Above and Beyond

NO less than the Western, the spy-and-pursuit thriller is customarily a rearrangement of familiar ingredients. It is usually in one of two keys, as it were, or tones, or moods: dark or light, city or country, pavement—wet pavement—or grass, smoke-filled base-

among the bushes after the discovery of the body; the damp chill in this is almost enough to give one rheumatism. (To digress for a moment—I think the enthusiasm at the prospect of three-dimensional pictures is just about as sensible as would be enthusiasm for some

days, a "death-trap"), through the protracted time of secret work and training at an isolated base in Utah, to the final horrifying moment when of four Japanese cities otherwise eligible Hiroshima was chosen to have eighty thousand of its inhabitants killed because it was the only one where the weather happened to be good. The semi-documentary account of conditions at the Utah base and the progressive overcoming of technical difficulties is very well done; ROBERT TAYLOR makes a good job of the man with the huge responsibility, and ELEANOR PARKER does all she can with the part of his baffled wife. The picture is quite absorbing, and most audiences will be feather-headed enough to take it as "the love story behind the billion-dollar secret," as advertised, without being troubled by any uncomfortable thoughts.

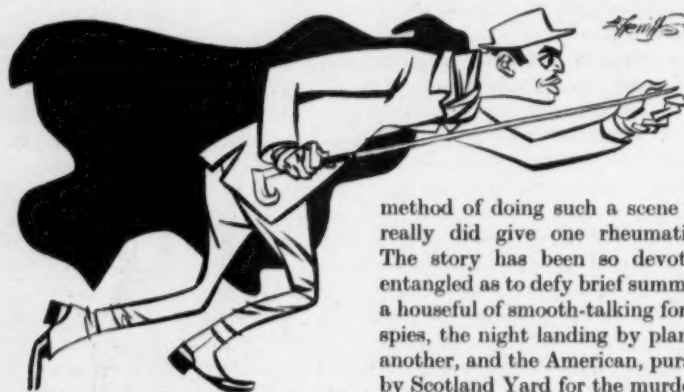
* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Top London shows remain *Les Jeux Interdits* (14/1/53) and *Le Plaisir* (18/2/53), but *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux* (24/12/52) is still running, and many people will delight in *The Little World of Don Camillo* (25/2/53) more than I did.

Top release is *The Net* (11/2/53), an air-research thriller which I enjoyed. RICHARD MALLETT



[Rough Shoot
Sandorski—HERBERT LOM

ment or windy heath. *Rough Shoot* (Director: ROBERT PARRISH), from the novel by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD, is of course in the second of these categories, though it can't resist coming to London for the usual upward-chase climax through a well-known landmark—that has been in the formula ever since Hitchcock used the British Museum long ago. Here we have Madame Tussaud's; but most of the picture is concerned with the countryside of Dorset, where a U.S. Army officer (JOEL MCCREA) involves himself in uncomfortable adventures by way of shooting a man he takes to be a poacher. This seems to me to be unusually successful among thrillers of its kind in combining its violent spy-story action with a genuine feeling of the country—in spite of the fact that the few country characters we see are quite conventional types, and the scenery is unremarkable. I am thinking of such brief scenes as the early-morning one with the police and others standing about

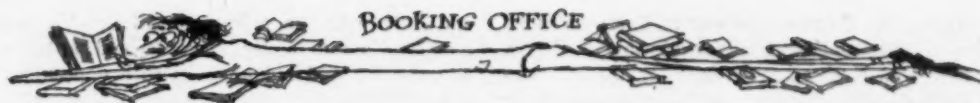
method of doing such a scene that really did give one rheumatism.) The story has been so devotedly entangled as to defy brief summary: a houseful of smooth-talking foreign spies, the night landing by plane of another, and the American, pursued by Scotland Yard for the murder of the "poacher," being nevertheless protected by M.I.5 as their contact man. There is also, besides the American's indignant wife (EVELYN KEYES), an eccentric freelance with M.I.5 connections (HERBERT LOM) who is the most amusing personage in the piece. The whole affair is absurd, but enjoyable.

Whether they ought to have made popular entertainment out of the domestic problems and personal heart-searching of the pilot of the

aircraft that dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima is a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt of the enormous effectiveness of *Above and Beyond* (Directors: MELVIN FRANK and NORMAN PANAMA). This long film traces the whole operation from the first choice of Colonel Paul Tibbets as a test pilot for the B.29 (then, in its early



[Above and Beyond
Colonel Paul Tibbets—ROBERT TAYLOR



Three Little Worlds

The Secret Stream. Marcel Aymé. *The Bodley Head*, 11/6
Don Quixote Drowned. James Hanley. *Macdonald*, 12/6
The Singer Not the Song. Audrey Erskine Lindop. *Heinemann*, 12/6

MONSIEUR MARCEL AYMÉ's *The Secret Stream* is a winsome frolic about a sex-murder in a small French town that is chock-a-block with "characters." There is some leg-pulling of the "respectable," a good deal about graft and municipal corruption, and a band of those revolting children whose shaven heads, itchy skins and adolescent urges pervade this kind of French novel. There is also some symbolism about the children's investigation of an underground stream and at tense moments the sound of a mill is heard in the distance. I cannot think of any stock ingredient that is missing. I found the novel dull and over-anxious to combine satire and charity, to be both lewd and lavendered. It is only fair to add that this is the first of Monsieur Aymé's novels that I have read; many cool-headed critics have admired his previous work.

Mr. James Hanley has faults, but they are generally faults of hardness, not of softness. He describes himself in his new book as a "chunky realist and flounderer in off-Dreiserian prose, naïve and touchy about style." *Don Quixote Drowned* is a collection of odds and ends, mainly autobiographical in form, about closed communities battling with Nature, about ships or Llangyllwch, the mountain village in Wales where Mr. Hanley has lived for the last twenty years. He is a descriptive writer with a narrow range; he rarely goes outside this, and each new book adds something solid to his achievement. His mannerisms are not affectations but vestiges of an awkwardness that resulted from a sailor's struggles to turn himself into a writer.

At first his Welsh community, with its gossip and carefully balanced eccentrics, seems as deliberately charming as Monsieur Aymé's French town. The difference appears as the pressures of the climate are built up. Mr. Hanley is one of our leading writers of seascapes and he knows all about wind and cold. When one of his characters is gnarled it is not a picturesque detail, like a lace coif or wooden shoes, but an almost geological trace of the passage of time and weather. None of the Welsh characters is drawn with the subtlety of the steward in the magnificent title story; but the community as a whole has individuality and the people share in it.

The Singer Not the Song, by Miss Audrey Erskine Lindop, is about a struggle between an Irish priest and an ascetic, power-thirsty bandit in a Mexican town. One feels one has seen films on much the same subject. What redeems the novel is the professionalism of its writer—professionalism not in the sense of expert contriving of a saleable commodity but of a craftsman's

love for every part of the job. Nothing is scamped. The line of the tale is clear and the tension maintained. Even the inevitable ending retains suspense. The people are as individual as the people in real towns, even when conforming to type. Miss Lindop is weakest in describing what the place looks like, though she can see vividly when she likes: "A vulture hovered, wings flung out, cutting a triangle into the heavens as if someone had torn at the blinding blue sky impatiently and left in it a ragged black rent."

The bandit with his love of cats and slow, voluptuous cruelty is not the stock character he sounds but terrifyingly lifelike. His rueful, courteous, understanding conversations with the priest have the frankness and relish for theoretical discussion that mark the conversation of the really bad. He would have made a brilliant Grand Inquisitor. Some readers may find him too handsome and hypnotic; but we all have our own private experience of evil by which to judge the verisimilitude of villains. The bustling, cheerful, bull-headed priest who doubts his own quality and in self-analysis learns a subtlety that he only gradually brings to bear on the situation facing him seemed to me admirable; but the verisimilitude of heroes is always harder to judge. R. G. G. PRICE

Journey for Our Time. Marquis de Custine. Edited and translated by Phyllis Penn Kohler. *Arthur Barker*, 10/-

Son and grandson of aristocrats guillotined during the Terror, and by birth, traditions and upbringing sceptical of democracy, conservative and a convinced monarchist with authoritarian leanings, the Marquis de Custine at the age of forty-nine in 1839 went to the Russia of Nicholas I "to find arguments against representative government" in a State that he hoped would be the practical realization of his political ideals. After two months in Russia, where he found an "unfortunate society which subsists only through violence—the kind of violence that forces the slave to lie to himself in order to give thanks to the tyrant," disgusted and disillusioned and now "a partisan of



constitutions," de Custine returned to Paris where he published a long and brilliant description of Russia from which Mrs. Kohler has skilfully made an uncommonly interesting volume that contains a warning for our times. Prophetically de Custine foretold that the Russians meant "to seize by armed force the countries accessible to them, and thence to oppress the rest of the world by terror." Truly the Russian bear never changes colour except at times to take on a more sanguineous hue.

I.F.D.M.

Time and the Novel. A. A. Mendilow. *Peter Nevill*, 15/-

This study of time in fiction and the way its manipulation affects writer and reader should fascinate all interested in technique. It demands concentration; although it is attractively printed and made as easy to read as possible (with a prodigious wealth of illustrative quotation from scores of authorities and practitioners ranging from Sterne to Henry James, from Aphra Behn to Dos Passos, from Fielding to Proust), any examination of so subtle a subject must inevitably be argued closely and at length, without concessions to the hasty reader accustomed to demand a one-paragraph summing-up of anything worth his notice. What is certain is that all concerned with writing fiction (or reading it for more than mere momentary entertainment) who take the stimulating trouble to follow this elaborately-built thesis will find their grasp of technique strengthened, their appreciation widened and enriched. Many will return often to this book for its tonic, kindling effect.

R. M.

The Early Victorian Woman. Janet Dunbar. *Harrap*, 15/-

The women of about a hundred years ago are just far enough away from us now to be seen as they really were, not as boring old-fashioned frumps but as human beings the social conditions of whose day have passed into national history. Miss Dunbar deals faithfully

and fully with the private life of the Victorian, her marriage, home, family, servants, and its lighter side, amusements and holidays, all with a peculiarly Mrs. Beetonish flavour. She goes on to more extra-mural matters such as women in education and as writers, and has an interesting chapter on "Outstanding Women." Her period, 1837 to 1857, saw the discontent of a few women, who realized and resented their legal disabilities, become more general and lead to at least a little amelioration. The Select Bibliography at the end of the book is formidable; one feels grateful that the author should have distilled from so much this one readable and informative volume.

B. E. S.

SHORTER NOTES

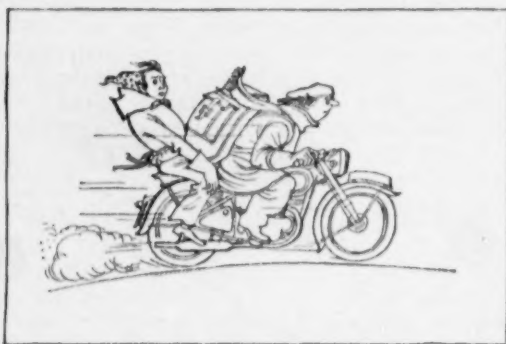
Rome and a Villa. Eleanor Clark. *Michael Joseph*, 21/-. This monologue on the architecture and history and life of Rome, with long excursions to explore Hadrian's villa and the Sicilian bandit Guilianno and the popular poet Belli, is jerky, wayward, odd and entrancing. At first the density of the writing slows you down; but soon the learning, wit and emotional vitality of its American authoress begin to exhilarate. A classic of travel writing.

Pleasures Strange and Simple. William Sansom. *Hogarth Press*, 12/6. A miscellany of essays by an accomplished and established writer of fiction. For the most part sensitive and vivacious impressions of places and experiences, displaying, in particular, a deliberately cultivated responsiveness to unusual aspects of the familiar. Perceptive studies of Poe and the French cartoonist Grandville also included. A picturesquely individual style which does not always avoid preciousness.

Diplomatic Diversions. Roger Peyrefitte. *Thames and Hudson*, 12/6. Odd, amusing novel about the experiences of a young French diplomatist in Athens in 1937-1938. Studded with the names of real people and built on a framework of historical events, but full of typically scandalous comic-novel incident.

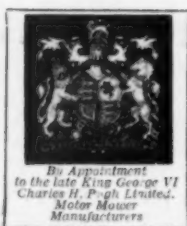
A Single Taper and The Inward Eye: Boy 1913. R. C. Scriven. *Partridge Press (Leeds)*, 2/6. The two verse plays broadcast in 1948: one the compelling account of a delicate eye operation, the other the visually evocative reminiscence of a boy's world forty years ago. One moves by strangeness, the other by nostalgia.

By Registered Post. John Rhode. *Geoffrey Bles*, 10/6. One of Mr. Rhodes' elaborate, carefully constructed plots unfolded in his happily inimitable manner.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-, Overseas 36/- (U.S.A. \$5.35); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.



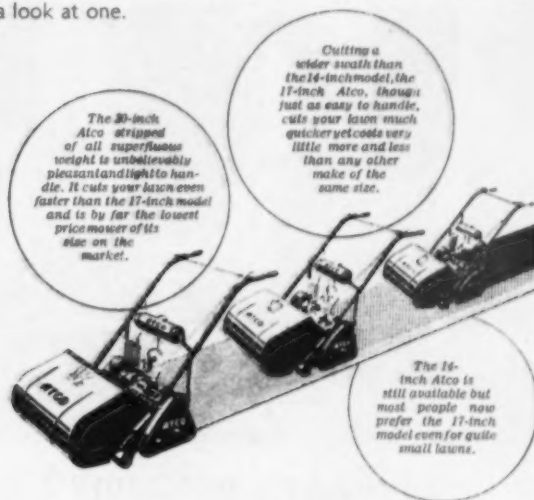
This year — quicker lawn-mowing at less cost...



ATCO

MOTOR MOWERS

THOSE who, for one reason or another ("can't get a gardener" or "tired of pushing a mower"), are determined to invest in an Atco this year, are lucky. The 1953 Atcos, lightened of all superfluous weight, use less fuel to cut a wider swath. Thus the new 17-inch Atco will mow your lawn much quicker and is just as light to handle as the 14-inch, yet costs very little more. And both the 17-inch and the 20-inch (which does the job quicker still) cost a good deal less than any other make of the same sizes. Atco motor mowers have always been the best and they are the only motor mowers on the market which can be kept in perfect running condition, year in and year out, by the manufacturers' own Service Branches strategically situated throughout the British Isles in order to maintain the value of your purchase. You will have so much more time to enjoy your garden if you have an Atco to run over the lawn. If you're buying a motor mower it must be an Atco. The new Atcos are in the shops now—go and have a look at one.



★ Atco Motor Mowers may be obtained by extended payments. We will gladly give you details of this simple and straightforward method of purchase.

For sports grounds and larger areas of turf the 28-inch and 34-inch Atcos are more efficient and cost vastly less than any other make of the same sizes. Their comparatively low initial and running costs and great economy in mowing time, fuel and labour make their use practicable and economical on areas hitherto considered suitable only for much smaller machines.

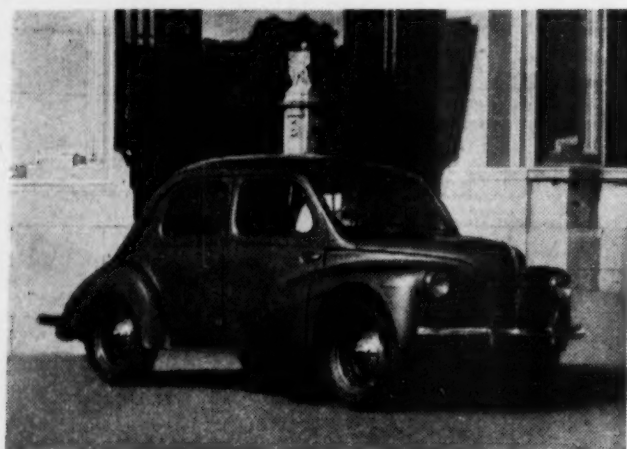


CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9


This Very Special Year
 WHY NOT CHOOSE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL IN
 BICYCLES FROM THE
PHILLIPS
 CORONATION QUALITY RANGE

"To be a patriot is not enough: it needs supplementing, and I know nothing so good as cycling to lead an individual to beauty, freedom of action, love of country and the history that has made it great." FRANK URRY
(Well known authority on Cycling)

Your Dealer will be delighted to show you the superb Coronation Range of Phillips Bicycles — Clubmans, Sports, Light Tourist and Roadster Models — all available on attractive E.P. Terms by C.C.F. if desired. Send for illustrated literature and FREE copy of 48 page booklet "Wheeling Adventure" by Frank Urry, to Phillips Cycles Ltd., Birmingham 40

Who likes economy?

There's no need to tell us . . . we *know* you do! That's one reason why you'll like the Renault 750 with its fifty-miles-per-gallon. Other reasons are the way it weaves through traffic, the way it swallows hills, its independent four-wheel suspension, its ample space for four adults, its powerful little 4-cylinder engine, its high performance and its low maintenance. If you want to get around cheaply — get a Renault 750. Service and spares available from distributors throughout Great Britain.

RENAULT 750

Renault Limited, Western Avenue, London, W.3

THE SMALL CAR WITH BIG-CAR COMFORT

CVS-369

Who are the unusual men?

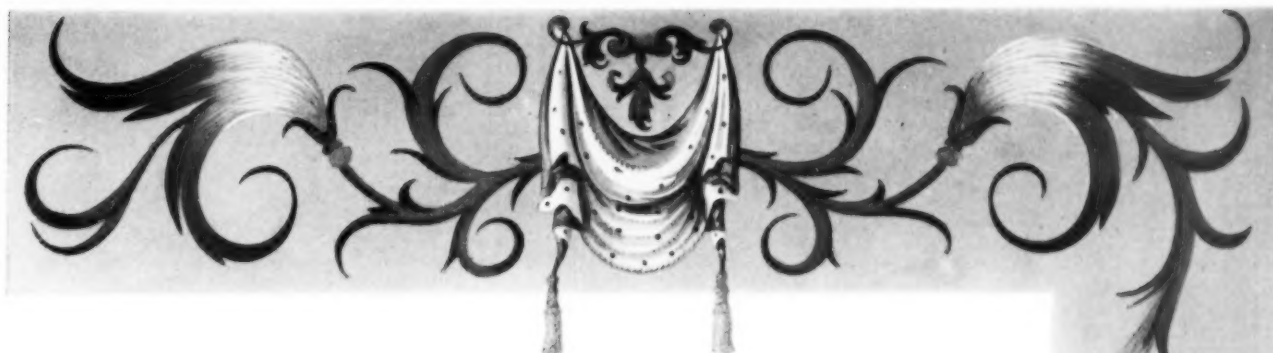
IN ALL CITIES, in nearly all states, there are men and women who stand apart from the herd. They are indifferently called the intelligentsia, highbrows, revolutionaries, reactionaries. What is meant is that they think.

To put in the hands of these unusual people a newspaper like the Manchester Guardian is to marry true minds. These lively-minded people have no hunger for huge type, for slick make-up, for whimsy, flimsy, the flamboyant or baroque. Their need is to know what of importance is happening in the world.

They respect good writing and good reporting. To them, as to the Manchester Guardian, facts are sacred.

To these fortunately not-so-few, the daily reading of the Manchester Guardian is a deep pleasure. Perhaps you will try the Manchester Guardian and find how it gradually endears itself to you.

*If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to:
The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.*



EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE COAT-OF-ARMS illustrated here with a contemporary illuminated border is that of James Harris, first Baron Malmesbury of Malmesbury in the County of Wiltshire, later Viscount Fitzharris of Hurn Court in County Southampton, Earl of Malmesbury. He was created Lord Malmesbury, Baron of Malmesbury, Wiltshire, in 1788. The Prince of Orange permitted him to use the motto "Je Maintiendrai" and Frederic William, King of Prussia, authorised him to bear the Prussian Eagle upon his coat-of-arms.

In 1789, a Royal Warrant of George III allowed him to make use of these tokens of Foreign Royal Favour. He was later advanced in the Peerage and created Earl of Malmesbury and Viscount Fitzharris of Hurn Court in County Southampton, in 1800.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.



The Oxford accent is on

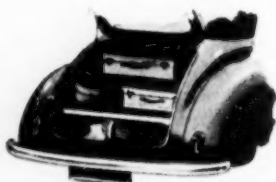
Quality!



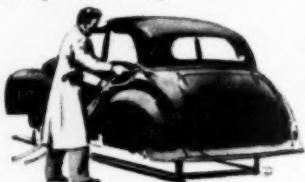
CHECK THESE "QUALITY FIRST" FEATURES



WIDE ANGLE VISION. You sit well up in comfort and you can see all round through the wide windscreen.



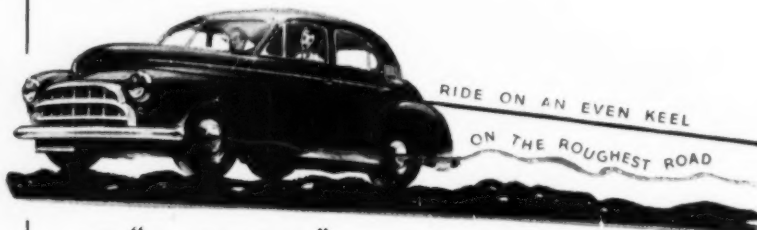
GENEROUS LUGGAGE SPACE
Over 10 cubic feet. Enough room for luggage for long-vacation touring.



SUPERFINE FINISHES. Seven coats of paint go on to a dipped rust-proof surface. The brilliant colours keep their showroom freshness over years of hard service.



Get to know this magnificent Morris Oxford. Test its riding comfort. At the driving wheel, learn the delight of its controllability, and highly responsive acceleration. Experience the feeling of its spirited power when the highway invites speed. In busy city thoroughfares, experience, too, how easy it is to drive and park. Then get out and examine it for finish and styling. You'll discover it has "Quality First" in all its features. Later, when you possess a Morris Oxford, you'll find something else in its favour—it is amazingly economical to run and maintain.



The "Quality First"

MORRIS Oxford

MORRIS MINOR
MORRIS SIX

A drum for Monsanto... by **BOWATERS**



Certain Monsanto products are best packed in fibre drums. Bowaters are proud to declare that they are makers of fibre drums for these famous chemicals. A routine production job? It depends what you mean by routine. For these drums have to satisfy stringent tests for water resistance, compression, side wall and end strength, bursting strength... A competitive job? That's the point.

And the Bowater Packaging Service isn't just a roll of drums. Bowaters make Multiwall sacks for sugar and spice, bags for cereals and nylons, wrappers for biscuits and bread, corrugated cases for soap and sauce...

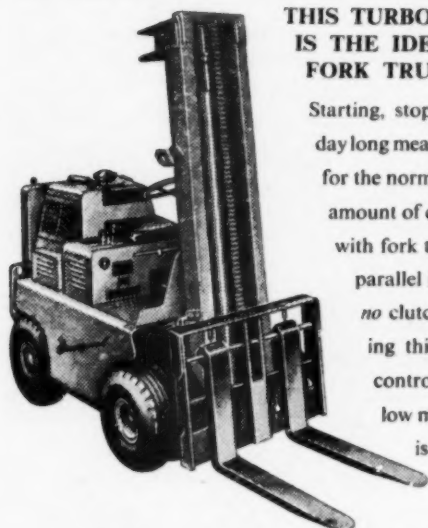
NOW—what can they do for you?



THE PACKAGING DIVISION OF THE BOWATER ORGANISATION

BOWATERS SALES COMPANY LIMITED, HAREWOOD HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

CLUTCHLESS DRIVE



THIS TURBO-TRANSMISSION IS THE IDEAL FOR FORK TRUCKS

Starting, stopping and stacking all day long means a hard and short life for the normal friction clutch. The amount of clutch work associated with fork truck operation has no parallel in other vehicles. With *no* clutch and *no* gear changing this truck gives smooth control, no driver fatigue, low maintenance costs, and is foolproof even with the new driver.

The Conveyancer 6-20 (either petrol or diesel) lifts 6,000 lb. at 20 in. load centre — lifts of 9 ft., 12 ft. and 14 ft. are available.

Full information on request.

Conveyancer FORK TRUCKS LIMITED
LIVERPOOL ROAD, WARRINGTON
Telephone: WARRINGTON 2244
Member of the Owen Organisation.



If it's a matter
of how to fasten
one thing
to another get in touch with

GKN

GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LIMITED
BOLT & NUT DIVISION: ATLAS WORKS, DARLASTON S. STAFFS. PHONE: DARLASTON 28
SCREW DIVISION: BOX 24, HEATH ST., BIRMINGHAM, 18. PHONE: SMETHWICK 1441

WHY NOT ENJOY
a
DELIGHTFUL AND
INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY
at
BUXTON

Derbyshire's
Mountain Spa
and
Motoring Mecca
(near the Dukeries)
where

THE PALACE HOTEL
provides a
superb cuisine,
excellent entertainment,
swimming, squash,
golf, tennis,
cinema, dancing

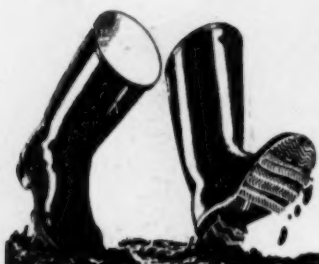


Phone 2000

F. J. HEWLETT, Manager

**DUNLOP
QUALITY**

means
**Strength
and
Long Life**



DUNLOP
SEAMLESS RUBBER BOOTS

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. (Footwear Div.)
Speke, Liverpool. 19 1F/MBSc

HARVEYS OF BRISTOL

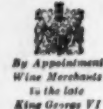
are as close
to you as
the nearest
pillar box



It is given to few laymen
to master all the fascinatin-
g mysteries of wine. The
judicious man therefore
takes guidance, and draws
upon that wine wisdom
which comes only from over
150 years' experience.

This sample case contains
six sherries which can be
compared and from which
you can choose your
preference.

Send your remittance to
HARVEYS OF BRISTOL,
the suppliers of the famous
sherries—"Bristol Milk,"
"Bristol Dry" and "Bristol
Cream."



By Appointment
Wine Merchants
to the late
King George VI



- 1 Bott. FINITA, full pale.
- 1 Bott. BROWN CAP, pale dry.
- 1 Bott. ANITA, light brown.
- 1 Bott. MERIENDA, pale medium dry.
- 1 Bott. CLUB AMONTILLADO, dry.
- 1 Bott. FINO, light pale dry.

CASE COMPLETE 114/-
Inc. carriage and packing.

FREE We also include with our compliments
a 1/2 bottle of our "Hunting" Port, an example
of a very fine Tawny Port which we offer at
22/- a bottle.

JOHN HARVEY

& SONS LTD. OF BRISTOL. FOUNDED IN 1796

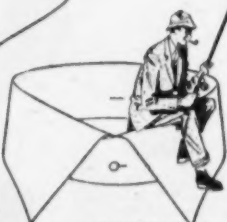
London Office: 40 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

D9



In 5 popular styles

STYLE 11
Classical shape. An
old favourite and
still very popular.



STYLE 52
The latest spread
collar style, with
more the space.



STYLE 99
Similar to Style 11
but with longer
points and wider
setting.

There is no other collar
like a Van Heusen.*
Designed for men who
appreciate comfort, lasting
smartness and economy,
Van Heusen semi-stiff
collars are now available
in five distinctive shapes
in white—Style numbers
1, 11, 52, 77 and 99. All
reduced from 3/6 to 3/- each.

- * Woven in one piece, no seams.
- * Pre-shrunk multi-ply fabric lasts longer.
- * Always remains semi-stiff.
- * Contour woven to fit the neck.
- * Woven-in fold line gives perfect setting.
- * Made from 100% Egyptian cotton.

now 3/- each



Van Heusen

semi-stiff COLLARS



a clear case for

Cash's

WOVEN NAME TAPES

CASH'S OF COVENTRY

Vent-Axia
for Better Air
Conditions



IN INDUSTRY
IN COMMERCE
IN AGRICULTURE
IN THE HOME

Simplest
form of controlled
ventilation



VENT-AXIA LTD. 9 VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.
ADBey 6441 (7 lines) AND AT GLASGOW,
MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

PORTABLE Remington on easy terms

£3 down & 7 monthly
payments of £4
How useful to have a light-
weight Remington type-
writer whenever you
want, or need it! All the
main features of a full-
scale office machine
with the advantage
of easy portability.
Supplied in light yet
strongly built leatherette
case, with reinforced carrying
handle. For travelling, a hinged lid enables
you to use the Remington without moving it
from the case. At home, it's quickly de-cased
by two spring clips. Grey crinkle finish.
Cash price £28.10.0. All brand new. Free de-
livery. 12 months' guarantee. Send for full list.



BARGAIN DISTRIBUTORS
Dept. 71, 14, Stuart Street, LUTON

BURMA CHEROOTS

"Call of the East"

Length 4"

Trial box of 25
36/6
post free

Imported
direct from
the native makers.

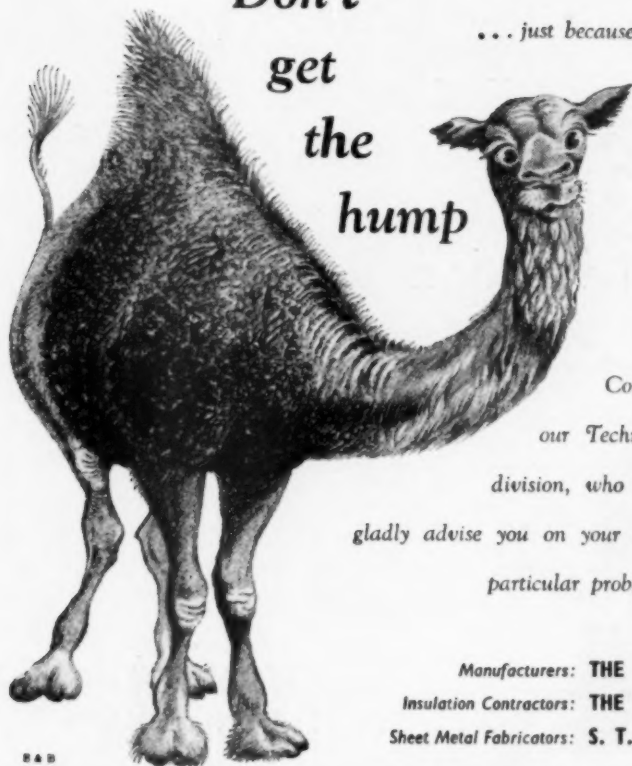


GREENS LTD

Wine & Cigar Merchants

34 Royal Exchange, LONDON, E.C.3
Special offer of Wine and Cigar remnants now
open. Enquiries invited for list.

Don't
get
the
hump



RAB

... just because you can't find an answer to all your problems.

The camel knows something about conservation
of energy . . . that's why he's got the hump.

When your problem is heat conservation,
the solution is Darlington 85% Magnesia.
Millions of evenly dispersed air cells
make it the best industrial heat conserver.

Consult
our Technical
division, who will
gladly advise you on your own
particular problem.

DARLINGTON
85% MAGNESIA
Insulation

Manufacturers: **THE CHEMICAL & INSULATING COMPANY, LTD., DARLINGTON**
Insulation Contractors: **THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE**
Sheet Metal Fabricators: **S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD., TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE**

Artillery...



FOR BRIGHT SPARKS

Positively "bang on", this use of Tufnol for the handle and guard of an electrode holder, although high electrical insulating properties are not the only shots in the locker of this versatile material. Its uses are legion, due to its sympathetic working with metals in the form of bearings, pulleys and gears; its resistance to moisture and corrosion; and its low specific gravity with good structural strength. Tufnol is available in sheets, tubes, rods, bars, angles, channels and other sections, to be machined as metal or hardwood. It is also supplied in specially moulded shapes or as finished machined components. The possibilities of Tufnol are endless.

CAN TUFNOL HELP YOU?

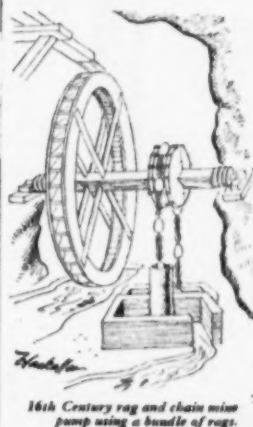
Informative literature is available giving full information on Tufnol. Furthermore, our enthusiastic Technical Staff welcome any new problems involving the possible use of this versatile material. An indication of your requirements in a letter, will bring a prompt and helpful reply.



TUFNOL

TUFNOL LTD. PERRY BARR · BIRMINGHAM · 22B

245P



16th Century rag and chain mine pump using a bundle of rags.

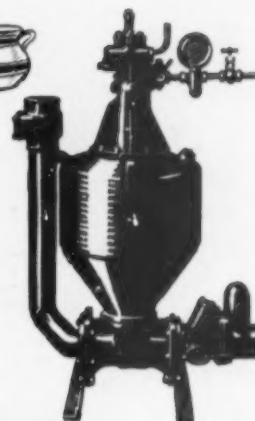
Pumping things in days of yore
Must have been a frightful bore
Imagine pumping Marmalade
before 'Ejectopumps'
were made.

COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED
Ejectopump

British Patent No. 580792

is handling an amazing number of products including food, chemicals, paints, oils, fats, abrasives, latex, and bilge water. Amongst the many satisfied users are such firms of world-wide repute as:
Grant Bros. (Meat Canners) Ltd., Wm. P. Hartley Ltd., Leyland Paint & Varnish Co. Ltd., Limmer & Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ltd., John Macintosh & Sons Ltd., Norfolk Cementers Ltd., Rolls Royce Ltd.

Write for List 70f



GRESHAM & CRAVEN LTD
DEPT. A - GOSDALL LANE · SALFORD · MANCHESTER 5

Phone: Deansgate 6061/2/3/4

Grams: Deansgate Manchester

London Technical Representative and Selling Agent: Conway Arnold, A.M.I.Mech.E., (Dept. A) c/o Healey & Gresham Ltd., 14 Great Peter St., London S.W.1. Tel: Abbey 5964

ROSS'S Indian Tonic Water

blends with any fine gin in a subtle mellow harmony



Sets keep their charm much longer... are needed less often... when waves and curls are firmly held by Kirbigrips

KIRBIGRIP

for those engaging tresses

Curved to fit head snugly Stronger spring grips hair more firmly

Made in England by
KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD.
Birmingham, London, Redditch and Paris

IFCO
BATHROOM
FURNITURE
IS
SUPREME

Stocked by All Leading Stores

LIST FREE FROM
IFCO LTD LIVERPOOL 3

DRY FLY SHERRY



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half bottle



**STOMACH
TROUBLE?**

Take my advice...

"I meet so many people who are bothered by acid-indigestion—just like you. And I always advise 'Milk of Magnesia'—in fact I take it myself when I have indigestion. 'Milk of Magnesia' isn't just an antacid, it's a mild laxative as well, so it corrects acidity and keeps the system happy at the same time. It's so gentle, too—it's ideal for Baby's 'windigestion'."

4 oz. size 1/9 — 12 oz. size 3/6

**'Milk of
Magnesia'**

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion

The Never open door!



LADDIE'S LAMENT

"There was a time when I could take my choice of the warmest room or the cosiest easy chair. Now every door closes automatically and when I'm in I can't get out, and when I'm out I can't get in to any room. It's a dog's life! Unfortunately, the master is delighted with the difference. He says the rooms are quieter, warmer and free from draughts—and he doesn't find dog hairs on the settee!"

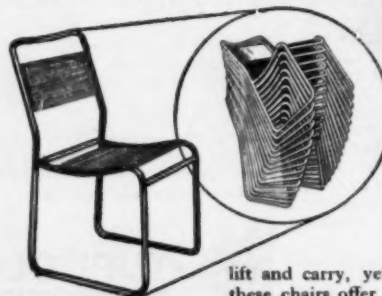
The Moral—fit the Improved Bescot Door Closer. Guaranteed for two years.

Descriptive leaflet on request.



S. B. & N. LTD., BROCKHURST CRESCENT, BESCOT, WALSALL, Staffs.

SEATS THAT SAVE SPACE



REDRO
TUBULAR
NESTING FURNITURE

A boon for Halls, Schools, Canteens, Churches, Rest Rooms and the home—the Tubular Nesting Chair. See how they nest one into another for ideal, compact storage. Unequalled for comfort and smartness: easy to lift and carry, yet both strong and sturdy, these chairs offer a lifetime's useful service.

REDRO LTD GROVEHILL BEVERLEY YORKSHIRE



but for the modern Elizabethans...

The "Armada" jewel presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Heneage shows what bygone craftsmen could achieve with traditional materials. But today a jeweller can enrich the product of his skill by using palladium. Rarer than gold, this lovely metal is fashion's choice for beautiful settings of every kind—for inexpensive jewellery and luxurious suites alike.

Ask your own jeweller about palladium.



PLATINUM METALS DIVISION

The Mond Nickel Co. Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., London, W.1

GLYN, MILLS & CO.

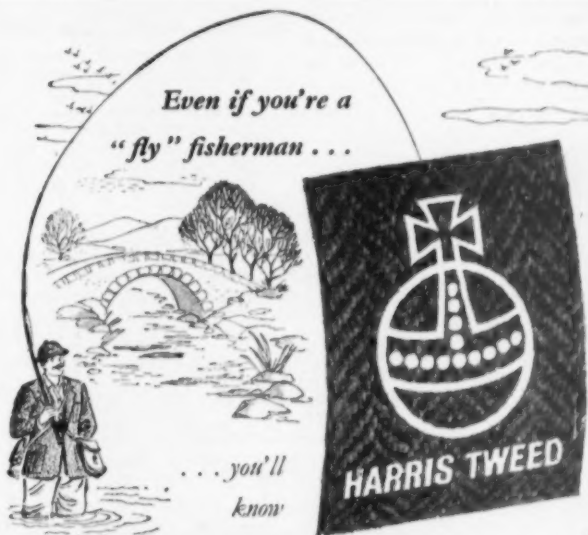
BANKERS

for personal service
in banking



HEAD OFFICE: 67 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 3

Associated Banks: Royal Bank of Scotland
Williams Deacon's Bank Ltd.



this mark is for your protection

To guard purchasers against imitations, Harris Tweed is legally protected. ... Protected by this symbol which may be stamped only on tweed made from virgin Scottish wool, handwoven by the crofters in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides. Fishermen, golfers and all lovers of the open air know that there is no fabric like hardy, sturdy Harris Tweed for outdoor pursuits.

- ★ Look for the mark on the cloth
- ★ Look for the label on the garment

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



Two Steeples

"FERNIA" QUALITY KNITWEAR for men

Made from the highest grade wool
in a variety of handsome shades.

Socks, lightweight 9/6 per pair,
Medium 11/6, Heavyweight 16/6 per pair.
Also in Pullovers, Slipovers, Cardigans,
Waistcoats, etc. From all good Hosiery.



TWO STEEPLES LTD., WIGSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE ENG.



King in its own Realm

*Well merited by its
Quality Unsurpassed*

"King George IV" Old Scotch Whisky



APPROVED BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD · EDINBURGH

JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY

Rich and Luscious with the
outstanding quality and flavour
that only AGE · EXPERT
SELECTION AND BLENDING
in JEREZ (Spain) can produce.

SHIPPED ONLY BY:

WILSON & VALDESPINO JEREZ SPAIN
Obtainable from all leading Wine Merchants

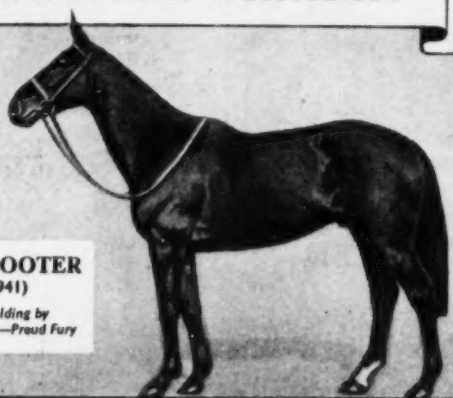
Don't you often wish you had a simple means of
keeping all your domestic papers, letters, docu-
ments, receipts, etc., in orderly form out of sight,
yet always instantly available for immediate refer-
ence. The new Automatic Secretary for the Home
is the ideal device, simple, compact, durable, it is
also an automatic reminder and has been greatly
reduced in price. Send P.C. for descriptive leaflet
AS 94 to **SHAW PUBLISHING CO., LTD.**,
180 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

P. Vencatachellum's

GENUINE MADRAS
CURRY POWDER
Peacock Brand

FROM ALL GOOD GROCERS AND STORES

NATIONAL WINNERS

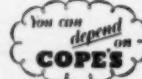


FREEBOOTER
(1941)

Bay gelding by
Steel-Point—Proud Fury

PROBABLY the best Grand National winner of recent years, Mrs.
Brotherton's Freebooter won at his first attempt in 1950, carrying
11 st. 11lb. No novice to the Aintree fences, he had already won a
Champion 'Chase and a Grand Sefton, repeating the latter feat in
1951. In the National of that year, however, he was brought down in
the sensational mix-up at the second fence, and in 1952 slipped up
(after landing with the winner, Teal) at the Canal Turn second time
round. Freebooter has run 53 times and won 16 races to a total value
of £21,602.

The continuing tradition of the British Turf has its
counterpart in the unbroken service which has been offered
to sportsmen by David Cope Ltd. for more than half a
century. Our free, illustrated brochure describes that service.



DAVID COPE & SONS
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E. C. 4

The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

**ILL
HEALTH**
is no
joke!



The control of Constipation is
of vital importance in the
maintenance of good health
and consequent enjoyment of
mental and physical agility.
CALSALETES and Torbet
Lactic Oats taken along with
normal diet prevent Constipation
and relative disorders. They also
have a most beneficial effect upon
the liver and kidneys.

CALSALETES
and
Torbet Lactic Oats

Generous FREE SAMPLE and copy of
booklet explaining "The Torbet Way
to Good Health" may be had upon
request.

The
TORBET LACTIC OAT Co. Ltd.
24, Great King St., EDINBURGH
Telegrams: "TORBET" Edinburgh

The Springtime of Life



Help us to disperse the
clouds in children's lives,
and fulfil for them the
promise of Spring

5,000 BOYS AND GIRLS
NOW IN OUR CARE

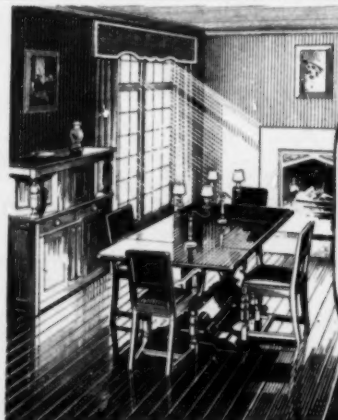
A VOLUNTARY SOCIETY
STILL NEEDING YOUR HELP

DONATIONS and LEGACIES gratefully
received by the Secretary

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**

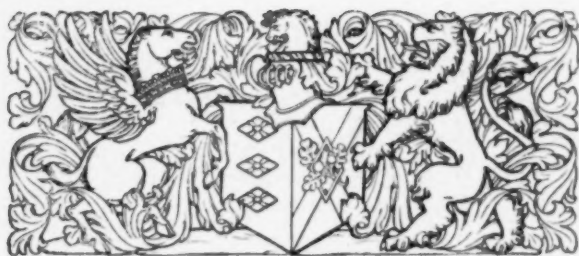
(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11



*Indoor
Sunshine*
RONUK
FLOOR POLISH

also
BROWN WAX
for dark floors





BRITISH LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

Cars

Furniture

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather



EXCLUSIVE CIGARETTES BY
PLAYER'S

P.P.26 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

— but for outside painting

WHITE LEAD PAINT LASTS

and **MAGNET**
is one of the best



Available in 23 Intermixable colours.

ASSOCIATED LEAD MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

IBEX HOUSE, MINORIES, LONDON EC3
CRESCENT HOUSE, NEWCASTLE
LEAD WORKS LANE, CHESTER



SPECIALISTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF LEAD PIGMENTS AND LEAD PAINTS

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1939

*Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty The QUEEN.
President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Council—Professor H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Hon. Treasurer—Mr. DICKSON WRIGHT, F.R.C.S.
Director—Dr. JAMES CRAIGIE, O.B.E., F.R.S.*

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on Cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS
are urgently needed for the maintenance and extension of our work
Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2

**They laughed when
I called my dog off...**



They were amazed when he sat down at my command. I then demonstrated "walking to heel", "sit and stay", etc. Their admiration was complete when I told them that 7 simple postal lessons had taught me how to train him.

You too can enjoy this complete understanding between man and dog. You will both make your contributions to road safety.

CANINE DEFENCE

10, Seymour St., London, W.1.

To NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE
Please send Dog Training Prospectus.

NAME

ADDRESS

20/3

SAVILE ROW CLOTHES

Cancelled Export orders, misfits, etc.
Direct from all eminent tailors, including:
Lesley & Roberts, Sullivan Williams, etc.
Suits, Overcoats, Riding Kit, etc. from *rogans*
REGENT DRESS CO., (2nd Floor)
17 Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1
Next Cafe Monica

Who gets the morning tea?



Your problem is solved. Here is "Hawkins Tiffie"—the new automatic tea maker, to provide you with early morning tea—piping hot at your bedside. ★ Tiffie boils the water, makes the tea, switches itself off and rings the alarm. ★ Fully guaranteed.

Also obtainable is the famous De Luxe "Hawkins Tecal" Electric Clock, Reading Lamp and Automatic tea maker combination. It really is a wonderful invention. Printed details from makers: L. G. HAWKINS & CO. LTD., 30/35 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

AS TELEVISED! 75/-

**Hawkins
TIFFIE**

From best retailers.

To keep regular take ENO'S

Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better—and look better—keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.

The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

Next years venue—?
HARROGATE again?

Carried Unanimously—



Free Harrogate is Britain's established Conference Centre. An informative booklet, giving details of the facilities available, will be gladly sent on request to

A. P. BAXTER,
40 Information Bureau,
BRITAIN'S FLORAL RESORT
Harrogate

The flower of Hotels . . .

Enjoy the comfort and service of the finest Hotel in Britain's Floral Resort. Write for brochure or phone 2261.

One of the Frederick hotels.

HOTEL MAJESTIC
HARROGATE

**GLAZEMASTER'S
GLASS DRILL**

Ideal for drilling bottles for making table lamps. Using a hand drill the "Glazemaster" cuts a clean round hole in 5 to 10 minutes. Also drills mirrors, windows, plate glass shelves, vitrolite etc. Sizes 1/2 to 1". Obtainable from all good ironmongers. Send for particulars of these remarkable drills and also Masonmaster Brick Drills to Dept T.

JOHN M. PERKINS & SMITH LTD.
LONDON ROAD, BRAUNSTON, NR. RUGBY

GLENMOOR CUTS
Carpeting COSTS **70%**

EXAMPLE ROOM 10 ft. x 9 ft. GRADE 1 £9.16.8 GRADE 2 £6.12.10

For Fitted Carpets, Runners, Surrounds, Squares, Slip Mats, etc. This modern hair and wool felted carpeting is made by a new process. Soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, it will last and wear well. Has resilient, non-slip, sprayed rubber base which is moth and damp resisting, needs no stitching and no underfelt. Will not fray. Delivered free anywhere in British Isles under money-back guarantee.

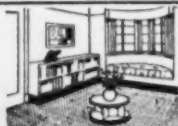
Grade 1 granted GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF GUARANTEE

Width	18"	27"	36"	54"
Grade 1	9/11	14/11	19/11	29/6
Grade 2	7/-	9/11	13/11	19/11

Price Per Yard. Carriage Free.
Send 1/- (refundable) for SAMPLES.

PINDI STORES LIMITED

(Dept. P2), 373/5 Uxbridge Rd., Acton, W.3. Also at 58 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4



COLOURS:
Red, Green, Beige,
Brown, Blue, Rust,
Rose Pink, Grey.
Also three delightful new
shades—Mottie
Blue, Mottie Green,
Mottie Cherry.

BRITISH
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
INSTITUTE
GUARANTEE



RHEUMATISM

EASE



and DISPEL the PAIN



WITH

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

Price 1/10 and 2/10 per bottle everywhere

In the service of Industry...



Noble metal—noble purpose

This costly billet of refined platinum will aid productivity in many industries. As a catalyst for chemical production, perhaps, or as vital components in industrial control equipment. And whatever the form into which Johnson Matthey finally shape it, unrivalled metallurgical experience, rare skill, and awareness of the user's need combine to ensure the maximum efficiency of the finished product.

**Johnson
Matthey**



Pre-eminent in the application
of the precious metals to the
needs of industry.

JOHNSON, MATTHEY & CO., LIMITED
Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE

2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

"In the average factory, of every £ paid out, 5s. goes to the cost of handling things and moving them around—and in some factories it is as much as 16s. in the £."

From the Report published by the Anglo-American Council on Productivity.

If you're trying to reduce costs

REDUCE THE COST OF HANDLING

Example 1. **THE FORK LIFT TRUCK** is the versatile modern handling machine which brings mass production economies to materials handling . . . lifting, transporting, stacking, with speed and safety, without effort or damage. It is a self-contained one operator, fully mobile unit which, with its lifting forks plus a series of attachments or containers, will cope successfully with the widest range of handling problems.



Example 2. **THE BULK LOADER.** What the fork truck will do with boxes and bars, the mechanical Bulk Loader will do equally convincingly with salt, ore, ash or any loose material, scooping up 1,000 lbs. at a time, carrying it, lifting and tipping it where required.



Coventry Climax

**diesel powered
fork lift trucks
and bulk loaders**

Complete information from:—

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD. (DEPT. A), COVENTRY, ENGLAND.